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THE INVITATION.

BY S. E. D.

Do come, dear aunt, the earliest day,
'Twould give us such delight,
And I will strive in every way
To keep your spirits light.
(The ugly bore, I hope a storm
Will keep her in her chamber warm.)

And then, dear aunt, your ancient chair,
With its quaint, old fashioned form,
I'll have it cleaned with greatest care,
And stuffed so nice and warm.
(The clumsy thing, all out of date,
I'm sure it's very sight I hate.)

I long to hear you tell once more,
Of queer, old-fashioned ways,
When grandpa wigs and powder wore,
And grandma hoops and stays.
(O dear, her yarns are such a bore,
How can I ever list to more?)

So now, dear aunt, pray not say no—
Your room is all prepared,
The very one that you must know
I long for you have spared.
(Well, well, she's rich!—I'll talk so fair,
Perchance I'll gain a goodly share.)

TRIED FOR LIFE;

—OR,—

A Golden Dawn.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was all settled, to the intense delight of the whole country side. Alan Branston, the young Squire of Elmsthorpe Grange, was to marry Hyacinth Vane, the daughter of the silent, solitary man whose heart had been broken by his wife's death. The ladies of the county, who would have been pleased to have secured the prize for their own daughters, said it was a very fortunate thing for Miss Vane, but that they had yet to see how it would end. True, Miss Vane was a lady, but there was a vast difference between the position of the two. Alan Branston was a wealthy Squire. Hyacinth Vane, although her father was both a gentleman and a scholar, had no fortune—had nothing, in short, but her beautiful face for her dowry. Yet, although worldly matrons shrugged their shoulders, the world in general smiled and approved.

Lady Rosedene was delighted. No engagement had ever given her half such satisfaction. It was the most important thing that had ever happened. She smiled with the blandest satisfaction as she thought how people would talk about Lady Rosedene and her wonderful social tact. She had never been so pleased.

When Hyacinth, with flushed face and beating heart, had gone to her own room, Alan went bravely to Lady Rosedene and told his story.

"I shall go to see Mr. Vane to-morrow," he said; "and in the meantime I wished to tell you."

She was so delighted that she almost embraced him on the spot.

"I cannot tell you how pleased I am," said her ladyship. "I have seen few whom I thought worthy of Hyacinth Vane. You have chosen wisely, and will never repent your choice."

* * * * *

"Hyacinth," said the young lover, "I am going over to Dunwold this morning, to see your father—you know about what."

She flushed crimson, even to the tips of her pretty ears.

"About me?" she said shyly.

"Yes, about you, my darling. I must tell him that you have promised to be my wife."

He smiled at the serious fashion in which she folded her hands, and said quietly:

"I am quite sure that my father will not be willing for me to be married, Alan. He will say I am too young."

"We will persuade him that he is wrong," laughed Alan. "What can a father do against two lovers? You will see how quickly we shall induce him to change his mind."

It was something of a surprise to the solitary student, poring over his books, when the handsome young lover was announced, and suddenly entered his studio; he seemed to bring the fresh air and the sunlight of the outer world with him. Francis Vane could not believe that somebody wanted to marry Elsie's child, that the little golden haired Hyacinth, whom, in his own deadened mind, he had always associated with the beautiful white flowers, should be loved and asked in marriage. It was too wonderful. He looked at the bright face of the young lover.

"Hyacinth is a child," he said—quite a child. I understand that you are Squire Branston of Elmsthorpe Grange—that you are rich. But my Hyacinth is a child—quite a child."

"I beg your pardon," returned Alan; "she may be in some things a child, but she has the love, the soul, the beauty of a woman."

"Marry Hyacinth?" interrogated the scholar musingly. "What would her mother say?"

And then Alan was silent for a short time; he was accustomed to appeals made to the living, but not to the dead. In a low, gentle voice, that won for him the love of Francis Vane, he answered:

"I am sure her mother's wish would be that her daughter should be blessed with the love of a loving husband, as she herself was."

"But the child is so young," said Francis Vane.

"It is a fault that every day will amend," laughed the happy young lover. "Come, sir, every bird has its mate. Be good to us, and give your consent."

"True, true," said the unworldly single-minded gentleman. "I loved her mother, and I married her. She seemed to me part of the sweet summer evening as she came walking through the soft shadows. The gray, calm evenings bring her back, and I see her walking in them still."

The startled look on Alan's face recalled him to himself.

"So you want to marry Hyacinth?" he resumed. "What does the child say? She was a child when she left me, and had no thought more serious than one about a bow of ribbon, or a flower in her hair. And you tell me that in this short time she has grown from a child into a woman. What does she say?"

"She is here, sir," said the young lover. "I brought her, with Lady Rosedene. I wished to see you alone before you saw them. Lady Rosedene has driven on into the village, but Hyacinth is in the garden. Shall I bring her to you?"

A wonderful light came over the scholar's worn, gentle face when he saw his daughter enter the room. She went up to him quickly, and kissing his face, hid her own on his breast.

He raised it in all its blushing loveliness. He held it up to the light, and looked at it with keen, tender eyes.

"My darling," he said, "I see it is true. You left me a child, and have returned to me a woman. A woman's love shines in those dear eyes, and trembles on those pretty lips. It is true you love him, Hyacinth—this bonnie young lover of yours?"

"I do not want to leave you, father," she replied.

And both gentlemen smiled at the naive admission made in those words.

"Do you love this gentleman who wishes to marry you, Hyacinth?" he asked gently, and smiled again half sadly as he saw the red flush mounting even to her hair.

"Yes, I love him," was the quiet answer.

And then Francis Vane was silent.

"You see, sir, that it is as I said. I will take the greatest care of Hyacinth. I will not take her away from you. I will be a son to you myself."

"You are very good," said the scholar.

And they saw him turn his gentle eyes, as he always did when he needed counsel, towards the green grave under the trees. They heard him murmur something about Elsie.

After a time he looked down at the fair young face lying on his breast.

"My darling," he said, "you are so young, so many things might happen; you might change your mind; you might repent; and so you ought to give me time to see that this is really love, and not fancy. At your age, child, it is difficult to tell one from the other. I will agree to the marriage, but it must not take place until the end of next year. I am not unreasonable in asking this delay."

After a long argument it was decided, and Alan was forced to be content. After all, it was not unreasonable. She was very young, and the months would pass quickly. How happy they would be! He could spend nearly all his time with her.

Lady Rosedene came in, and they had luncheon together; then, while she rested in the quiet, pretty parlor where fair Elsie had made such brief sunshine, and Alan went to see that the horses had been fed, Francis Vane and his daughter walked across the garden into the churchyard, and stood by the green grave. He laid his hand on the fair bright head.

"Hyacinth, your mother lies here. I often fancy that I see a soft white cloud above the grass, and that she rests upon it. Tell me, do you love Alan Branston?"

"With all my heart, father," she said.

And he knew, from the quiet, self contained tone, how intense that love was.

"I should like to give you one warning, child. You have experienced no love save mine, and mine has been true. I loved your mother while living, and have loved her quite as dearly dead. The grave in which she lies is more to me than the living beating heart of any other woman. But, Hyacinth, my dear child, you must not expect such a love—neither so deep, so true, nor so strong. It does not often fall to a woman's lot."

"It is mine, father," she declared, in a tone of quiet conviction.

He looked sadly at her.

"You must not expect too much," he said. "The love we give and receive on earth is not like the love of Heaven. Do not set all the hope of your life, child, on your love."

"Did you do that, father?" she asked.

And he answered:

"Yes; it is because I did it that I can warn you."

She smiled as she rejoined:

"Some great poet has written that 'no warning avails in love.' No warning will avail. Whether my love makes or mars my life matters little. I have given my life to it."

A sunbeam fell on the green grave as she spoke. It was as though the dead would fain have warned the living.

And then father and daughter returned to the house.

CHAPTER IX.

THE glad days of the happy winter passed away brightly, and the home of the solitary student was brightened by the love and joy of the young lovers. His life was cheered, too, by the constant kindness of the Squire. Great baskets of game, hot house fruits, and that which he valued more than all, huge parcels of books, were sent by Alan Branston. It was characteristic of him that he was never so pleased as when lavishing kindness on Francis Vane. He established a rule that he should be allowed to send what he liked to Hyacinth. Francis Vane made some gentle remonstrance; but he was overruled.

"You live out of the world, and I live in it," he answered. "I see what Hyacinth wants and you do not. I shall think you do not believe in my love for her unless you allow me to send what I will."

The father ceased to remonstrate, and the gallant young lover lavished costly gifts on his beautiful *fiancée*.

Francis Vane had had a small legacy left him, and he gave it all for his daughter's *trousseau*. He entrusted it to Mrs. Morley, who was only too delighted to assist. The most wonderful week of Hyacinth's life was the one she spent in London shopping with Mrs. Morley. So the winter months were fully occupied, and some of the brightness of old times came over the house.

It was marvellous how many excuses Alan found for going to Sweetbriars; he rode or drove over regularly, on one pretext or another. Mr. Vane and his daughter became so accustomed to see him that when he was not there the day seemed robbed of its brightness.

The snowdrops, the violets, the yellow crocus, the primroses, all came up. The stern face of winter gave place to the smile of spring. The hedges bloomed with pink and white hawthorn, the dark branches were covered with leaves, the meadows were full of life, and when fair sweet May came round Lady Rosedene filled her house again with visitors. She had found a new beauty, and she must have a pleasant group of friends to welcome her. She invited Hyacinth, who gladly promised to visit her. Said her ladyship—

"You must bring some of your pretty new dresses, Hyacinth. You must do honor to the Squire's choice."

When Alan Branston heard that she was going to Dene Hall, he besieged Lady Rosedene until she extended her invitation to him.

She had a presentiment of coming evil, for she said to him—

"Come if you like; but I think you had better spend your time in making Elmsthorpe Grange ready for your wife."

She laughed as she spoke, and he laughed as he answered that he would rather spend his time in making love to his wife that was to be.

It promised to be a very pleasant and harmonious party. Hyacinth looked forward to it with the greatest delight. She was to go on the second of May, Alan on the fourth. Francis Vane parted with her, fearing no ill, knowing that he would soon lose her altogether. Yet that night, as he sat watching, it seemed to him that a strange cloud rested over his wife's grave.

Hyacinth Vane said to herself that she should always love Dene better than any other place, because it had been the scene of her love story. It was pleasant to linger in the gardens and grounds, to look round the rooms, and remember all that had happened there. Lady Rosedene was delighted to see her. She was in excellent spirits.

"People may well call my house attractive," she said. "I have two of the loveliest women in England in it now; and the wonder of it is that you are such foils to each other. You are fair as a northern lily; and my new guest is dark as any Spanish signora—the most beautiful brunette I have ever seen; all other women look plain beside her. Still I prefer fair women."

When Hyacinth went down into the drawing room, she was better able to judge. Many old friends greeted her; every one was pleased to see the fair young face; Hyacinth saw a superbly beautiful woman, with large dark liquid eyes, full of fire and passion, and a mouth like a rose. She was a picture of loveliness, on whom no man could look unmoved.

Hyacinth had never seen any one like her. She wore a dress of black velvet, cut so as to show the marvellous neck and shoulders, with their warm tint, and the bare rounded arms, on which shone rich bands of gold. She carried a richly jewelled fan, and wore diamonds in the masses of dusky hair that sat like a crown on her head. And her brilliant face had the imperial beauty men in olden days gave to the goddesses they worshipped.

She read the wonder in the tender earnest eyes, and smiled. There was more character in her smile even than in her face—it came slowly, and was, to a keen observer, cruel. Lady Rosedene introduced Hyacinth to her. Lady Fraser smiled again, and in her turn looked intently at her golden haired rival.

Hyacinth thought the sound of her voice very sweet. She watched her with wonder.

She had never seen any one so superbly beautiful and so superbly dressed.

Lady Fraser was older than herself by some years, and the contrast between the fair fresh golden haired girl and the beautiful dark-eyed woman was curious in its way.

She fascinated Hyacinth—it was a certain fact that, if Lady Fraser once took the trouble to smile in any face, she made the owner of it captive at once. There was no power to resist; she possessed a marvellous gift of fascination. She smiled a little at the young girl's conscious homage.

"We shall see what we shall see," said Lady Fraser.

On the fourth of May Alan Branston came; and when he reached the Hall Lady Fraser had gone out into the grounds. She had found for herself a pleasant seat behind the plumed lilac trees. There a soft western wind, a sweet perfume reached her without the warmth of the sun's rays. There was no one amongst the visitors whom she thought it worth her while to conquer, so she had given her morning to the study of some poems.

Presently, on looking up, she saw a stranger who interested her—a tall handsome man, young, with a brave bright face and dark earnest eyes—a man who was evidently a gentleman, from his erect, easy carriage and courtly manner. Who was he?

She answered her own question. It was the Squire, of course—Alan Branston—Miss Vane's lover; and a goodly lover he was, in Lady Fraser's eyes. As they passed by the group of lilac trees, engrossed in each other, and forgetting the world, she heard Alan say—

"I see no beauty in any face but yours, my love. Other faces are all blank to me."

They walked on; but with the sound of the words in her ears an evil spirit entered the beautiful woman's heart. She laughed aloud—a faint cruel laugh.

"What nonsense!" she said to herself. "I will teach him that other faces are not all blanks. My face shall not be blank to him. So that is the child's lover. Well, he is a gallant one, tall and handsome—simple too, if he thinks hers the only face on earth worth looking at."

She was a woman of insatiable vanity. She had been so much worshipped all her life for her marvellous beauty that she considered the heart of every man her lawful prey.

She had but little trouble in winning them. A gleam from her splendid eyes—a touch of her white jewelled hand—a whisper from her musical voice—a smile from her beautiful lips—and the weak hearts of men went out to her, no matter what bound them. She had never had the least trouble in making a conquest. The strongest and wisest of men had fallen before her like the leaves from the trees.

She was cruel. It was play for her to take a man's heart in her soft white hand, and after toying with it for a time, crush it as she would have crushed a rose leaf. Her vanity was insatiable—nothing ever daunted her. If she liked any one, or thought the conquest of any particular person would add to her reputation as a beauty and winner of hearts, she pursued that person to the bitter end. The gentle heart of a loving wife might break, the love of a fair *fiancee* might all be turned to gall and bitterness—Lady Fraser merely laughed. All that her victims won in return was a few smiles, a few *tete-a-tetes* a week's fidelity, and then they had to make room for another.

It was dull, according to her notions, at Dene; there were several men, but none whom she cared to win. The handsome young Squire however took her fancy, and she smiled as she said to herself that she would win him.

"Such boy and girl love—such nonsense—only one face in the world for him! It is high time he saw two. It will do him good—educate him. A flirtation with a woman like myself is the best possible education for one like him. It will do the girl good too, if he talks to her in that way. She will begin to think herself an angel."

She had nothing particular to occupy her during the next few weeks, and it would not do to get out of practice. If there had been a handsomer or wealthier man at Dene Hall, she would not have troubled Alan; but he looked so handsome and so gallant, added to which there was the irresistible fact that he belonged to some one else, that it would be a little amusement for her, relieve the tediousness of her visit, to captivate him. It would be amusing, because at first he would doubtless rebel. After all, if she chose to educate him and show him that life held more for him than he knew at present, it concerned no one. When she had had her fair share of amusement, she would be leaving Dene, and perhaps should not see him again. She would not wish to see him—a few weeks were quite enough for any poor moth.

She laughed softly to herself as she thought how the fair-haired girl would be lost in a maze of wonder and doubt, and how rejoiced she would be to win her lover again.

She walked back leisurely to the house.

"Yes," she said to herself, "I have nothing better to do. I will try if I can win him."

And she dressed with unusual care, smiling as she did so to think how easy her conquest would be.

CHAPTER X.

HE is worth the winning—that was Lady Fraser's verdict after she had passed an evening in Alan's society.

True he had devoted himself to Hyacinth; but she had had time enough to note the beauty of his face, the grace of his manner; and Lady Rosedene had told her that he was wealthy beyond the ordinary run of Squires—so wealthy, in fact, that Miss Vane was the envy of all the young ladies in the county.

Lady Fraser opened her beautiful eyes. Surely she could desire no better husband than this handsome young Squire, who was wealthy enough to gratify every whim? Still marriage was an affair of the future. She had not that to think about yet.

Very soon she had attracted his attention, as she felt sure she should. She had startled him out of his calmness. He had looked into the depths of her splendid eyes, and for one half moment had lost himself. He had admitted to himself that her beauty was wonderful; and then he had turned with redoubled love to Hyacinth. It was like rest in the sweet moonlight after the overpowering light of day.

"He will not forget me," said Lady Fraser to herself. "He knows now that there is another fair face in the world, and he will be puzzled soon as to which is the fairer."

When the hour of retiring came, Alan wished her good night. Once more those wonderful eyes of hers were raised to his and seemed to pour a flood of electric light into them. Sweet Hyacinth, standing near, saw the look, and shrank from it.

Lady Fraser went to her room well content.

"He will think of me," she said to herself; "and to morrow he will be anxious to see me again. He will have more to dream of to night than a baby face and golden hair."

She lay back in the easy chair in her dressing room while her maid brushed out the long silken dusky hair. She looked over an album filled with photographs, and smiled as she thought that she should in all probability add Alan's to the number.

The first she glanced at with a light laugh—the original had simply ruined himself for her sake—believed in her, asked her to marry him; then, when she had laughed at him, had thrown up his commission, and gone to the bad.

"How he loved me," she said to herself; "but how foolish he was!"

The next portrait was that of a fair haired clergyman. She laughed again as she remembered the tragedy of his despair. They told her that he died cursing her. It mattered little to her whether he did so or not. Then came the sad face of a young Frenchman, whose eyes seemed to look at her with the weariness of passion and despair.

"I never liked him," she thought; "I should never have cared to know him; but that white faced little Countess professed to believe him so loyal to her."

Then came a soldier with bronzed face and fearless look. He had led his regiment against a fire few would have cared to meet—he had fought desperately; but on the day this beautiful woman had smiled in his face, and told him that she had no more thought of marrying him than she had of turning Mahommedan, he went home with the soft sweet laugh ringing in his ears, and shot himself.

Her brilliant face paled a little as she remembered this, and she turned the page with a sigh. She never liked to think of Colonel Leslie and his dreadful death. Then came the handsome face of the youngest son of a noble house. She would have married him had he possessed any money; but he had none. So she let him ride away, leaving the best part of his life behind him. Then came the face of the man she married, a City knight, whose wife she had been for one short year. An old stern face it was, full of wrinkles, with harsh eyes and lips. But Sir Heriot Fraser had been a good husband to her, and had left her all his money without any conditions or stipulations. She never pretended to mourn his death, but she wore her crape in the most becoming fashion, resolving to enjoy herself for a few years, and then to marry again. In the meantime her craving for the cruel amusement of flirtation was at times too strong for her.

Some people had asked who Lady Fraser was. No one knew anything about her. She said herself that she belonged to the "Lanches of Durham;" but one or two suspected that she was the daughter of a French milliner who had married the captain of a Spanish ship.

But Lady Fraser was so beautiful, and she had so large a fortune, that the world refused to listen to any scandal about her. Had she been plain or dowerless, it would have refused to believe that she was one of the Lanches of Durham; but with such a face and such a fortune she might have claimed to be whom she would.

Quickly enough she passed the portrait of the city knight who had been her husband for one brief year. Then came others—dark, fair, young, old, all men whom she had slain as surely as though she had used poison or steel. She ceased to smile when she came to the portrait of Count Fieschi—a man with a handsome, passionate, cruel face—a man with pitiless eyes and sensual lips. She lingered some time over that.

There came to her a host of memories. Last year she had gone to Italy with some friends, and they had stayed at Ravenna. She thought of a moonlight night there, in the garden of the Palazzo Micheli, when the handsome Count had seemed to fight with himself over his love for her. And at last—at last he had sacrificed his patriotism and everything else to love; while she had lured him on, and then refused him, because he could not keep her in the luxury she loved. She remembered another evening, when the fiery love of the Italian had urged him into a tempest of anger—it was the night before her return to England—and he had said to her—

"Take care! If you go, I shall follow you. If I follow, I shall find you. If I find you, I will kill you before your beauty has power to mar the life of another man!"

Her laugh had floated away on the soft summer breeze—sweet and soft as the rose-leaves stirred by the wind; but there was no smile on his face, and no mercy in his eyes.

"If ever he finds me I am lost," she said to herself. "But he will not; I am safe enough. And, if he finds me—this is the nineteenth century—he will not harm me."

Still she was glad to pass over the cold, handsome cruel face.

"That was about the only mistake I ever made; I will forget it."

She looked at many other faces, and then came to a vacant space.

"Here," she said to herself with a smile, "I will put Alan Branston, Squire of Elmsthorpe Grange;" and then, with a sigh, she put down the album and turned her attention to the dressing of her hair.

She had forgotten every graver consideration, and was wondering what style would attract the Squire most.

It was a beautiful morning that followed, and at breakfast time Lady Rosedene proposed that her guests should visit an old ruin called Elmhurst—an ancient priory of which only walls and windows remained. The proposal was agreed to.

"Will you walk or drive, Hyacinth?" asked Alan. "Whichever you prefer, I will be your companion."

Then Lady Fraser spoke, her dark eyes all bright, her smile so brilliant and sweet. She turned her graceful head to Alan.

"I will tell you what would really be a treat to me," she said. "I hear that you are a capital horseman. Will you ride with me—that is, with Miss Vane and myself?"

"I do not like riding," put in Hyacinth quietly.

The beautiful widow smiled.

"The more you have of it the more you will like it," she said.

And Hyacinth mentally hoped Alan would refuse; she even felt aggrieved that any one should offer to interrupt their *tete a tetes*—Lady Rosedene never did.

But Alan was flattered. The voice had not said much, but those bewitching eyes said plainly that she admired his riding and wished to ride with him.

"How do you know I ride well?" he asked; and she saw the pleasant impression her words had made on him.

"Some one told me—I do not remember who it was," was the careless reply; "but I should like to see you put to the test."

"I will ride with you with pleasure," he said. "Hyacinth, you have your habit here: you will not be long in dressing, I know."

Lady Fraser smiled sweetly.

"Is Miss Vane an adept at dressing quickly?" she asked.

"Miss Vane is perfection," laughed the young Squire; and Hyacinth went away to dress, but not with her usual alacrity.

Why should Lady Fraser disturb their plans and go with them? Hyacinth was not a good rider, and as an equestrian was always more frightened than pleased. Lady Fraser, on the contrary, was never seen to such advantage as on horseback.

The more Hyacinth thought of the plan proposed, the more she disliked it. She had pictured herself by her lover's side, walking through the green fields and lanes, stopping to gather the hawthorns and look at the clover. She wrote a little note, saying simply—

"Dearest Alan:—Do alter the arrangement; I do not like riding. We require no chaperon. Some one else will be pleased enough to ride with Lady Fraser."

She never dreamed but that he would eagerly meet her wish. To her intense surprise, the answer that was returned said—

"My Darling:—How sorry I am! But I have arranged so completely with Lady Fraser that I cannot disappoint her. She has asked me to show her the various places of interest in the neighborhood; I cannot draw back now or I would. I will take great care of you, my darling."

Her face flushed as she read the note. The first faint flame of jealousy rose in her heart—the flame that afterwards became so fierce a fire. He had chosen to please Lady Fraser rather than her. She would not go at all; they should have the ride to themselves. When the guests were starting, she sent an apology—she would rather remain at home; and it was then too late to make fresh arrangements.

Lady Fraser noted the darkened look that came over Alan's face. He should suffer for it in the days to come! Her eyes were full of sweetness, her voice was full of music, when she said—

"I am so sorry, Mr. Branston—it is my fault that Miss Vane is not here."

But she exerted herself so well to please him that he could not help enjoying his ride. He came home smiling, while the beautiful widow was radiant.

And that was the first cloud in Hyacinth's sky.

CHAPTER XI.

IT gave additional zest to the beautiful widow's pursuit of Alan when she saw the first look of pain on Hyacinth's face. To win the love which did not belong to her was one triumph; to find that she made a girl younger than herself jealous was another, and ever so much more enjoyable.

Hyacinth uttered no word of reproach to her lover; with her keen woman's instinct she perceived that he was not one who would like a woman's reproaches and tears. He told her how annoyed he was to find Lady Fraser his companion instead of herself. She asked him if he enjoyed his ride, and he laughed heartily as he answered "Yes." He repeated some of Lady Fraser's witty speeches, as though they had amused him very much.

"Lady Fraser is very witty," said the young girl; and he did not see the wistful expression in the eyes that he had likened to cornflowers grown under the ardor of the French sky.

He thought her very silent. After a time she laid her soft hand on his.

"I wish that I were witty, Alan," she said.

"So you are, my darling," he laughed.

"Not so witty as Lady Fraser," she said.

"I should not wish you to be witty after the same fashion. Lady Fraser is what we call *chic*; you are original and poetical, which is far better."

"Are you sure it is better?" she asked.

"Yes, there is no doubt about it," he answered; and the words pleased her.

But the same morning, in her coquettish way, Lady Fraser caused a little scene about a spray of apple blossom that she had gathered. She came into the dining-room at luncheon time, her face bright with the fresh morning air, her eyes brilliant as the sunshine itself, the spray in her hands.

"Look," she said to the gentlemen who crowded round her—"was there ever such a beautiful little spray as this?"

She held it so that all might see the dainty exquisite color; and the picture of that dark-eyed woman, with the spray of apple blossom in her hand, was one never to be forgotten by those who saw it. They listened, too, in wonder, she had so many pretty fancies about it. She could say a hundred quaint and picturesque things where another would have been silent.

"To whom shall I give it?" she said, looking round with dark laughing eyes. "Who deserves it most?"

Each gentleman urged his claim; Alan alone said nothing. She turned to him with a smile.

"You have not spoken," she said; "I will give you the prize."

Their eyes met as their hands met, while he took the spray of apple blossom from her.

There was more than one look of wonder, more than one significant smile. It was so well known that Alan was to marry Hyacinth that more than one curious glance sought her face, and saw that it had grown pale. She laughed the impression away; after all, it was not Alan's fault that this dark-eyed woman admired him; she said to herself that she would never be jealous.

Lady Fraser found out that afternoon that there was no voice blended so well with her own as the young Squire's; they had been trying a duet, and she had said to him in an ecstacy of delight—

"What a superb voice you have, Mr. Branston, and how strange that it should blend so perfectly with mine! Do try some duets with me, will you?"

"I shall be only too pleased," said Alan, for whom her ladyship's contralto had a wonderful charm.

The result was that the hour before dinner, always hitherto appropriated by the young lovers to themselves, was spent with Lady Fraser, who sang like a siren; while Hyacinth sat in her dressing-room trying to understand the terrible pain that was eating her heart away.

What was it? Alan loved her—what could it matter whether he sang with Lady Fraser or not? He was not in the least changed to her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There are very few feminine criminals in India. The average prison population in Bombay is one to 1,815 of the total population, but that of the female prisoners is only one to 28,600. This is attributed to the subjection of women and the absence of drink.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

BY B. P.

'Tis told an eastern monarch great
From triumphs won, returned in state,
And made a grand parade,
And at her latticed window high,
To watch the gorgeous train pass by,
There sat a lovely maid.

Eager to see, she pressed the sash,
The slight frame broke with sudden crash,
And fell into the street.
A splinter struck a gallant knight,
He upward glanced; there met his sight
The little maiden sweet.

She blushed; he smiled; you know the rest—
My tale you have already guessed;
The end, of course, is plain.
The maid, confused, drew back from view;
The knight passed on, amidst his crew,
They never met again.

My Cousin Delia.

BY A. O. G.

ONCE upon a time, when I lived in an obscure country neighborhood, I went to pass the night with my cousin, Delia Heighway, a young lady of about eighteen at the time I write of, and I two or three years younger.

It was in the winter of—ah, no matter what winter; for who likes to look back and number up the years that lie between them and their fresh youth, but there came to teach in the brick school house, as it was called, a young man by the name of Wiseman—Charles Wiseman.

How the young man chanced to be employed I know not, unless it be that he obligingly placed his salary at the option of his employers, for he dressed smartly, and was gay and handsome withal; all of which were objectionable in the eyes of those wise men, the school directors, one of whom was my rich uncle Ezekiel, or "Z-kiel" as we called him, and father of cousin Delia.

It was my fortune to go to school to Charles Wiseman; and a handsome and most prepossessing young man he was. I was his largest, and I think without vanity I may say, his favorite scholar.

Several times he had looked close in my eyes, to see if they were black or blue: and I, I confess, began to think more about his brown curls and white hands than of my lessons, when a little event took him down from the pedestal on which I had placed him.

It was the custom to hold in the brick school house, of winter evenings, what were termed "debated societies," the which, all the heads of families, about sometimes accompanied by their sons and daughters, attended. And one of these meetings had been appointed for the night of the twenty-fourth.

The evening was clear and intensely cold, with as bright and pretty a moon as ever shone out of a December sky; the ground was frozen as dry as stone, and everything seemed propitious. To me the occasion was one of double interest. For some cause or other, my father could not accompany me to the debating society; so it was arranged that I should go with Deacon Whitfield's daughters, at an early hour, and pass the night with my cousin Delia, whom I confidently expect to meet.

The Misses Whitfield were slow in making their toilets. But the girls appeared at last in spanking new cloaks of Scotch plaid—red, green and blue—and with their Dunstable straw bonnets stuck full of artificial flowers. My plain shawl never looked so plain—but I was destined to a severer mortification that night.

Sally Whitfield and I walked together and I remember that she asked me a good many questions about Mr. Wiseman—indifferently and as though she would as soon talk of anything else; and two or three times she asked me how she was looking that night—shocking bad, she feared. Now, I had gone with Sally to more big meetings than one and she had never till then asked me about her appearance. However, it may have been mere accident.

The people were mostly assembled on our arrival. There were Captain Hill's daughters, wearing new scarlet merino shawls. Then there was Florence Middleton, whose father had lately moved from town into our neighborhood, dressed in wonderful style we all thought. There, too, was Maria Claverel, more showy than Florence, but not so elegant. Others there were, all arrayed in their best and smiling their sweetest.

I was so dazzled at first by the brilliant display, that I did not know my cousin Delia was not there; but even when I made the discovery, I was not sorry—she would look so odd in her plain flannel gown—I would return with the Whitfields, as I had come, and gladly forego the pleasure of my expected visit, that Delia might be spared the mortification that must attend her coming.

The schoolmaster was not in his accustomed place; he had given up his chair to Deacon Whitfield, and was moving about among the fathers of the children he taught, praising their diligence and aptitude.

I was watching him a little nervously—for I confess I feared for the effect of the bright cloaks and shawls and plumes—when suddenly there was a stamping at the door, and my Uncle 'Z-kiel entered, followed close by the laughing, chubby cheeked Delia. Her cheeks were glowing from the exercise, and I thought she looked unusually pretty.

I was not long in joining her, and communicating the glad intelligence that I was to pass the night with her; and shortly after, the schoolmaster, who had not previously noticed me that evening, made his way to me, and, in a whisper, requested the pleasure of knowing my fair friend.

Delia and I sat together, and though the schoolmaster sat beside me he leaned quite past me to converse with Delia at first, but presently rose and seated himself between us. It was a small thing; nevertheless it pointed straight to my doom.

Sally Whitfield smiled when she saw the movement, and straightway joined Florence, whom she thoroughly disliked; and such a tittering and whispering as they made caused Uncle Z-kiel to stand right up, search out the offenders, and rebuke them with one of his severest looks.

The question had been given and the first speaker had taken the floor, when there was a faint rap on the door, and a lad of twelve years old, or thereabouts, entered, and, wiping his eyes with his sleeve, looked anxiously about the room.

He was a poor boy of the neighborhood, whose father was sick, and was about to make his will, and he was come for Uncle Z-kiel.

That person arose very gravely, and putting on a drab overcoat above undercoat, said he was sorry to leave his neighbors and friends, but a sick brother—for we were all brothers—was about to make his "will and testimony," and required his assistance.

Poor Delia pleaded to remain, assuring her father that I was to go home with her, and that we should not be afraid in so bright a moonlight.

I seconded her appeal, and the schoolmaster ventured to say, he should be too happy if he could be of any service; but in his strongest voice Uncle 'Z-kiel said he couldn't be of any service to his daughter, and taking Delia by the hand he led her out as though she had been a child.

I should like to give some account of the evening's debate; but it has nothing to do with the match making, and therefore I pass on to its close.

The blushes glowed in the schoolmaster's face all that evening after what Uncle Z-kiel said.

I felt sorry, but somehow there was a new understanding between us; and when he asked if I had company home, and proposed to go with me I felt no hesitancy nor stammering, when I said I would trouble him so far.

I think perhaps I pouted a little, when I saw his delight that I turned towards Uncle Z-kiel's and not my own home. I think so, but I don't know; though young ladies are not likely to take kindly to being supplanted.

The walk home was tedious to me, though I had never before taken a walk with the schoolmaster that was tedious—it seemed to me that we would never reach the point where we left the big lane for the narrow one leading down to Uncle 'Z-kiel's home. But we did, and I remember noticing Delia's yellow mare eating leisurely from a haystack in one corner of the field which bordered the narrow lane. A beautiful animal she was, and one of the fleetest travelers in all the country round about. But of this hereafter.

Down and down we went, seeing away below us the lights streaming across the frozen ground from the narrow windows of the old fashioned house. Delia was waiting for me. As we drew near the gate, the chickens cackled in the trees and the watch dog growled and shook his heavy chain, as though they were not much used to being disturbed at ten o'clock at night.

Hearing these indications of our approach, Delia came forth to welcome us; and her sunny face and merry laughter assured me that Uncle 'Z-kiel was still engaged with the "will and testimony."

A merry time we made with the help of the elder and cakes in what was known as the "big room" of Uncle 'Z-kiel's household. And I could not but notice that when the schoolmaster named the apple seeds himself. Delia seemed especially pleased, and tried hard to make the number spell his name. In all ways, in fact, their mutual admiration was apparent. Suddenly it was as if a cloud passed over the moon, and turning, we saw the frowning face of Uncle 'Zekiel at the window.

The next moment he was in the room. Not one word he spoke, but with his cane struck Delia on the cheek, and then pointed it beneath the walnut table. She knew her certain doom; and looking the while as though she must sink into the earth, crept beneath it, and sat on the floor like a child, eighteen though as she was, and in the presence of her first beau too. Such was family discipline in those days.

There needed no words to admonish the schoolmaster to take up his line of march towards the "private entertainment," where he abode.

I cannot tell what I suffered during the hour which Uncle Zekiel and I sat together by the fire; and Delia under the table—for her punishment endured for that length of time. Not a word spoke he, but I felt rebuked for being there, for living in the worldly cross roads neighborhood, and, in fact, for living at all. I think I have never since been so willing to die as during the passage of that terrible hour.

The clock struck twelve, and the last echo died, when the old man rose and pointing with his cane to Delia's chamber, retired to his own.

I hastened to remove all signs of our late festivity, while Delia dried her eyes, as the careful friends do at a funeral, while the bereaved are at the grave.

Uncle 'Z-kiel's dislike of the young man was soon rumored about. The debating society soon fell into disrepute, and was shortly broken up, and the school dwindled more and more, though no one could say aught against the teacher.

Meantime, the schoolmaster kept on teaching the few scholars he had, and Delia and I, who had learned more of him than we cared to tell, smiled at the little respect he received.

All at once a report came into circulation, that the grand old house on the hill—the only brick house in the village—was to be finished, and the son of the proprietor, a bachelor, whose property it now was, himself would reside there.

However, when the rumor was traced to the schoolmaster, Uncle Z-kiel said it was likely all a lie.

But notwithstanding the weight of Uncle Z-kiel's opinion, workmen came to the grand old house by dozens, and alterations and improvements went forward so rapidly, as to surprise all the people of our neighborhood.

One wild March day, the last quarter of our school, I saw Uncle 'Z-kiel ride Delia's dun mare up to the blacksmith's shop to have her shoes set; and while the work was being done, the blacksmith and the proprietor of the "private entertainment" sat on the horse trough and discussed something most earnestly.

I could not hear what they said, but I knew they were talking of the new place, and of the owner of it, who was evidently to reside there, inasmuch as furniture and servants were already in the house, and the invitations had been given to all the neighbors, including Uncle 'Z-kiel, to a house warming the following night.

That coming night was to be to the schoolmaster and Delia the great night of their lives.

The snow fell all day, and Uncle 'Z-kiel said more than once that he did not think he and his good woman would get to the "house warming;" at which Delia only smiled, for she knew that he would go.

And sure enough, towards night he made preparations by tarring the wheels of the market wagon, tying down the cover, and filling the bed with fresh straw.

The dun mare was harnessed to a sleigh, in which Delia and I were to ride directly behind her parents. And before the rumble of the wagon ceased, Charles Wiseman was at hand as agreed, and, placing me beside him and Delia on his knee—for the sleigh was small—we drove off at a rate which soon left the wagon of the old folks far behind.

On arriving at the grand old house—for, of course, it was young Wiseman's—they were married; and Mrs. Delia Wiseman shortly after received her guests in much the finest parlor she had ever seen.

When Uncle Z-kiel was presented to the bride, he faced straight about, and between crying and laughing crept under the large table of rose wood that stood in the centre of the room, and while the guests looked on in astonishment, related the story of Delia's first acquaintance with the schoolmaster, upon which it was agreed that young hearts were sometimes wiser than old heads.

What will be the largest ferryboat in the world is now being constructed at San Francisco by the Central Pacific Railroad Company, to ply between Martinez and Benicia. It is to be longer than the great Pacific steamship City of Pekin even, and has a greater breadth of beam than any vessel afloat. Its length is 424 feet, width 116 feet, and wheels 30 feet in diameter and it will be propelled by steam generated in eight steel boilers, each 28 feet long. The boat is a double ender, and is steered by four rudders at each end. The hold is divided into eleven water tight compartments, which will make it impossible to sink her. Four tracks will be placed upon the decks which will accommodate 48 freight cars or 24 passenger coaches.

PRICE OF A TITLE.—The former prince of Canino, Charles Lucien Bonaparte, sold all his possessions in Rome to a banker, Alessandro Torlonia, for $450 001. The prince meant that the single dollar should indicate the value of his title as Prince de Canino.

What a difference have we often seen between our afflictions at our first meeting with and our parting from them! We have entertained them with sighs and tears, but parted from them with joy, blessing God for them as the happy instruments of our own good.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

"GOD SAVE THE MARK."—The expression "God save the mark," is connected with an old superstition. If a person, in telling the story of some injury of limb or wound to another person, should touch the corresponding part of his own or a bystander's body, he averts the omen of similar mischief by immediately saying, "God save the mark," as a sort of charm.

SWEARING BY SHAKSPEARE.—A singular instance of a mob cheating themselves by their own headlong impetuosity is to be found in the life of Woodward, the comedian. On one occasion, when he was in Dublin, and lodged opposite the Parliament House, a mob who were making the members swear to oppose an unpopular bill, called out to his family to throw them a Bible out of the window. Mr Woodward was frightened, for they had no such book in the house, but he threw out a volume of Shakspeare, telling the mob they were welcome to it. They gave him three cheers, swore the members upon this book, and afterwards returned it without discovering its contents.

FAITH IN SCIENCE.—The Prince of Wales and Dr. Playfair were standing near a caldron containing lead, which was boiling at white heat. "Has your Royal Highness any faith in science?" said the doctor. "Certainly," replied the Prince. "Will you, then, place your hand in the boiling metal and ladle out a portion of it?" "Do you tell me to do this?" asked the Prince. "I do," replied the doctor. The Prince then ladled out some of the boiling lead with his hand without sustaining any injury. It is a well-known scientific fact that the human hand may be placed uninjured in lead boiling at white heat, being protected from any harm by the moisture of the skin. Should the lead be at a perceptibly lower temperature, the effect need not be described.

A CHEAP CASTLE.—The castle of Monkstown, in Ireland, is reported by popular tradition to have been built in 1636 at the cost of only a groat. To explain the enigma the following story is told: Anastatia Goold, who had become the wife of John Archdeken, determined, while her husband was abroad serving in the army of Philip of Spain, to give him evidence of her thrift on his return, by surprising him with a noble residence which he might call his own. Her plan was to supply the workmen with provisions and other articles they required for which she charged the ordinary price; but, as she had made her purchases wholesale, upon balancing her accounts it appeared that the retail profit had paid all the expense of the structure except fourpence.

EXECUTING A QUEEN.—It is said that Anne Boleyn, being on the scaffold, would not consent to have her eyes covered with a bandage, saying that she had no fear of death. All that the divine who assisted at her execution could obtain from her was, that she would shut her eyes. But as she was opening them at every moment, the executioner could not bear their tender and mild glances. Fearful of missing his aim, he was obliged to invent an expedient to behead the Queen. He drew off his shoes and approached her silently; while he was at her left hand, another person advanced at her right, who made a great noise in walking, so that this circumstance drawing the attention of Anne, she turned her face from the executioner, who was enabled by this artifice to strike the fatal blow.

HARI KARI.—The *Hari kari*, or "Happy Despatch," among the Chinese, consists in ripping open their own bowels with two cuts in the form of a cross—after the artistic dissector's fashion. Officials resort to it under the fear of the punishment which they may expect; for it is a leading principle that it is more honorable to die by one's own hand than by another's. Princes and the high classes receive permission to rip themselves up as a special favor, when under sentence of death; their entire family must die with the guilty. Sometimes, by favor, the nearest relative of the condemned is permitted to perform the function of executioner in his own house. Such a death is considered less dishonorable than by the public executioners, aided by the servants of those who keep disreputable houses.

SERVING UP THE BOAR'S HEAD.—The ancient ceremony of serving up the boar's head at Queen's College, Oxford, on Christmas day, is still duly observed. The ceremony is a most ancient one and has been observed for a period of over 500 years, one authority quoting 1350 as being the probable year of the first festival. This ceremony is held in memory of a noble exploit, as tradition relates, by a scholar of Queen's College, in killing a wild boar in Shotover Wood. The wood still remains, being an elevated and lovely spot a mile or two from the city, much frequented by members of the university. Having wandered into the wood with a copy of "Aristotle" in his hand, and being attacked by a wild boar, this student is said to have overcome the furious beast by thrusting the "Aristotle" down his throat, crying "It is Greek." The animal fell prostrate at his feet, and was carried in triumph to the college.

UPBRAIDING.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

As blithely as tho' trilling some sweet song
That charms the ear and gently moves the heart,
You speak the words that shut out light and hope,
And so more sadly tell me, we must part.
A life's strong love that proudly tries to bear
The fate decreed—to suffer and be brave—
Meets from the soul before whose shrine it knelt,
Laughter for pity, in its living grave.

I scarce had thought it, since for others pain
Both lips and hands were prompt with pity's meed,
The stranger's heart might know the kindly gift
Or soothing word—but only mine must bleed.
And if for their soul's woe, that hoped in time,
The dawning of a brighter day to see,
For me, whose life knows henceforth naught but gloom,
What should the grace—what should the kindness be?

For you, to-night may end it all, but I
Begin a night whose sorrow-gathered gloom
Will know no dawn save of the deathless day
That greets the weary pilgrim at the tomb.
Yet dark as is my way—so void of light—
An honest woman's heart could deem it best
To deck with festive terms a man's deep grief,
And make true passion's tortured throes a jest.

But then so be it. It is so decreed.
I plead no longer, I upbraid no more—
The sun that lit youth's summer time is set,
The too-brief story of love's reign is o'er.
One tender pitying word had made less keen
The pang that smites my soul with bitter woe,
Yet you withheld it—still 'tis useless now—
I know my path—from yours far—and I go.

HUNTED DOWN;

—OR,—

The Purpose of a Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

AMONGST the crowd ascending the steps of the National Gallery one fine morning towards the end of March, was our old friend, Colonel St John. As he entered the first room, he at once perceived a figure which he recognized as that of old Mr. Bertram of Falcontower, whom he had met at the Egertons; yes, there was the same erect, stately figure, and kindly noble face; no one who had once seen Hugh Bertram could mistake him, and the colonel walked up to and addressed him.

The rector turned quickly, paused a moment, and then with a smile of recognition, held out his hand.

'Colonel St. John, how glad I am to see you," he said, cordially. "I was coming to call on you to morrow."

"I hold you to your intention, Mr. Bertram," said the colonel; "you must come to dinner. Are you living in town?" he added.

"No; I am only here for a short while on some private business," was the reply. "I am staying with my old friend Sir Angelo Egerton; and this morning I determined to spend here, as it is some years since I have been to see the gallery."

"Indeed!" said the colonel; "then you have not seen that magnificent picture of Rothesay's, Tekel."

"No," he replied; "I have heard of it, and I am most anxious to see it. Which room is it in?"

"Farther on," said the colonel. "Shall we move on?"

"If you please," said Mr. Bertram.

They moved forward through several rooms till the colonel stopped.

"Now, turn, sir," he said. "There it hangs."

The portrait was striking enough to startle any one coming so suddenly upon it, but even that hardly accounted for the start which the rector gave, and the deathly pallor which for a moment overspread his face, and he stood bending forwards looking on it with an intensity in his strained gaze, which did not escape the colonel, though he naturally set it down to the effect of the picture, and presently he said, in a low voice:

"Is it not horribly beautiful? One need hardly to be told that it has some strange history belonging to it."

Hugh Bertram turned to him, and said in a voice resolutely calm and suppressed, as though he feared to trust it:

"Has it a history? That phantom's face is as the face of Leonora Egerton in a dream; the other, why has it the scroll Tekel on it, in fiery letters—what is the history of that picture?"

"I do not know it all, only partly," said the colonel. "It is not a mere picture; it is a portrait of a living man, and as it was not told me as a secret, I must say it. You know that this belongs to Egerton, and was painted by his order?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bertram. "Who is it of?"

"His mother's murderer! He told me so himself."

Mr. Bertram did not start now; the blow had gone too deep for language or outward sign; he stood for a few minutes with his eyes still fixed on the portrait, but seeing nothing and hearing nothing, and then by a strong effort he recovered himself, and touching the colonel, said quietly:

"I do not feel very well. I shall return home."

"I hope you are not ill," said Colonel St. John anxiously. "My carriage is at your service."

"Thank you," said Mr. Bertram; "but I have Lady Egerton's carriage outside," and with a polite bow he disappeared in the crowd.

It was some time before in returning the colonel again entered the room where the picture hung. There was for a wonder only one person standing before it, and naturally St. John noticed him more than he otherwise would. He was rather tall, and slight and elegant, as far as a heavy cloak showed his figure; but that would not have attracted the colonel's notice so much, and he was passing in when a slight noise made the stranger turn sharply.

It was only for a moment, only for a minute that he saw his face, but that fleeting glance was enough for the colonel—the face, with its devilish beauty, the lurid black eyes and glistening golden brown hair could not be mistaken—he was the original of the portrait, he was the murderer of Jesuita Egerton, and St. John's resolve was instantly taken.

He walked quietly into the next room, so that the stranger could not leave the gallery without seeing him, and then he sat down and looked anxiously around.

An intelligent looking lad, apparently a shop or errand-boy, was surveying one of the pictures with a look of profound admiration. St. John called him.

"My lad, come here." The lad obeyed. "Would you like to earn half a crown?"

"Yes, sir," was the ready reply.

"Then, take this slip of paper to the police-office, Scotland Yard," continued Louis. "Go in a cab, and tell him to drive for life or death; promise him double fare, and return to me."

He tore a leaf from his pocket-book, wrote a few lines, requesting the immediate presence of Harding the detective, and gave it to the boy, who ran off in a moment.

Perhaps twenty or five and twenty minutes elapsed, and then his messenger and a gentlemanly-looking man in black entered and came up to him, and addressed him in a quiet business like manner.

"Are you sure, sir, that Mr. Vivian is here?"

"So far sure," said the colonel, "that the man I mean is the exact counterpart of that portrait here, Tekel."

"I know it, sir," said Harding. "It is all right, then. Is he still here?"

"Yes. I don't know in which room; but he has not left."

"Much obliged to you, sir, for what you have done. Leave all the rest to me: he won't escape me again. The only thing is, sir, if you would be so kind as to drive to St. James's Square, and let Sir Angelo and Lady Egerton know of it, it would be a real service to them."

"I will go immediately," replied the colonel.

Harding went with him to the entrance; there was a cab there with another policeman in plain clothes. Harding spoke a few words to him, begged the colonel to inform Sir Angelo that he should wait on him in the evening, and then he returned to the entrance and took up his position in such a way that Vivian's escape was impossible.

* * * * *

Meanwhile Hugh Bertram had returned to St. James's Square. He was told that every one was away. Sir Angelo had not yet come home from the Foreign Office, Lady Egerton had gone into the park with Mr. Rothesay, and only ten minutes before Miss Arundel had gone out with Lady Alice St John. The rector said no more, but went upstairs, only leaving orders that when either Sir Angelo or Lady Egerton came in they were to be told that he wished to see them.

He had not very long to wait before he saw from the window Julian Rothesay and Leonora and Egerton, whom they probably met, ride up together, and all three entered the house, for Julian was going to stay to dinner, and then go with Angelo down to the House.

Almost immediately Egerton appeared in the drawing room, where the rector was waiting.

"You wish to see me, they told me," he said, wheeling forward an easy chair for Mr. Bertram.

"I do, Egerton—about that picture—that portrait in the National Gallery."

He paused, striving to master his agitation, and Egerton raising his keen eyes for a moment, said.

"Who told you that it was a portrait?"

"Colonel St. John. I met him there. He asserted, on your authority, that it is the portrait of your—of the man who murdered your mother. Answer me truly, Egerton, in mercy—is it true or false?"

Something of a suspicion of the truth made Egerton pause. Something that held him silent for a moment in pain and pity for the old man.

'Egerton, answer me. Is that the portrait of your mother's murderer?"

Like iron on his throat fell the words:

"It is."

A silence then.

"What is the name of the man who killed her?"

"Arthur Vivian."

"If you please, sir," said a servant, opening the door, 'Colonel St. John is below and wishes to see you for five minutes."

Egerton left the room, but in less than ten minutes the rector heard a carriage drive away, and Angelo came back.

Hugh Bertram addressed him at once.

"St. John's coming is connected with the person we spoke of, Egerton. Tell me the worst—in pity tell me the worst at once."

"Arthur Vivian is taken at last," said Angelo.

"Oh merciful Heaven, how can I bear it!—how can I bear it!" said the rector, covering his face with his clasped hands, and burning tears fell through his fingers.

"Hugh Bertram, what is Arthur Vivian to you?"

"My son—my only son!"

"God help you!" said Egerton, bowing his head, and his stern lip quivered.

There was a dead stillness, and then the father rose up.

"Egerton, you are a stern and severe man; but, by the love you bore your dead mother,—by all your hopes of mercy at the Last Day, show some mercy to, and spare my wretched, guilty son, whose death cannot restore your mother to you."

There was a depth and intensity of agony in the unfortunate father's passionate appeal that touched Egerton to the very soul. He lifted his head, and the musical tones, usually so firm, were unsteady, as he answered:

"Hear me, and do not lightly judge me a hard and merciless man. All these years another man has borne the stain—the conviction of that murder; one whom I love with almost more than a brother's love; but for that I had never so relentlessly pursued Vivian; but for that, I would now, for your sake, and for the sake of his wife and child, spare him. Can I do so when the life of an innocent man is in the balance, and depending on his conviction? Could I have acted—could I now act otherwise?"

"No," said Mr. Bertram, with sudden calmness. "You could only have done as you have. Oh Egerton, is there no hope? Was not your wife mistaken?"

'Listen," said Egerton. "Eight years after the murder my wife drew the crayon drawing from which the portrait is done—drew it from memory. There is no hope."

One thing more I ask," said Mr. Bertram. "Where is this wife and child? Tell me all you known of them, for at least I can take them to my heart. Wifeless and childless, I must love something."

Gently Egerton told him all he knew of Genevra, and ended by promising that early the next morning his wife should take him to her and tell her who he was.

Sorrow had laid a stern and heavy hand on Hugh Bertram.

CHAPTER XLIV.

NELLY, my good girl, you are a laggard this morning. I have rung twice," were the words Marion Rochester addressed to her maid, Nelly Warren, the morning following Vivian's examination before a magistrate. "What detained you?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I am sorry I didn't hear your first bell, but I was reading the morning's *Times*."

The *Times*!" said her mistress, half smiling. "And what were you reading?"

"The account, ma'am, of the examination of Vivian and——"

"Ah," said Marion, quickly, "I am going to Lady Egerton's. How did it end?"

'He is committed for trial, ma'am; but he made a queer defence—what they call an *alibi*. His lawyer said that he could prove that Vivian was at the other end of the town at the hour the murder was committed, which was done exactly at twelve o'clock—so Lady Egerton said."

"How did the others try and prove an *alibi*?' asked Marion.

"Why, ma'am, they said he was lodging at a house near St. Catherine's Church (hard by where we used to live) in Kent Town, and that it struck twelve as he came; but I remember, and so do mother and father, that that clock was slow that night, and what's more, ma'am, a gentleman was lodging with us, named Everard, a gunsmith, and he proved by his watch that the church clock was wrong. I remember that night particularly, because a servant left us very suddenly that morning."

"Your father and Mr. Everard?" repeated Mrs. Rochester; "and can you swear to all this?"

"Yes, ma'am; is it evidence?"

"I think so. Give me your father's address, Nelly."

'Lady Egerton knows it, ma'am. You know she was at father's nearly two years ago, when she was stabbed by this very man."

"Very well," said Mrs. Rochester, "I remember that she was there. Get me my bonnet and shawl, Nelly, for the sooner they know of this the better."

And while the busy hum and whirl of life went on without, Arthur Vivian—the handsome Arthur Vivian, sat alone—a prisoner within the gloomy walls of Newgate; alone with his dark atheism and remorse, and black load of guilt. He had refused to see his father or wife, resisting all their entreaties. He had enough of remorse or shame to shrink from meeting those he had so wronged. And so he sat there awaiting his trial, which was to come on in the second week in April.

* * * * *

It was now four months since Louis St. John had returned to England. His loved Leonora had died—passed away "as a tale that is told;" as he himself said to his mother, he could not love the wife of another man; but it had left a void, a blank in his heart:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That was not akin to pain,
But resembled sorrows only
As the mist resembles the rain.

So he felt when he returned to England with his regiment; such had been the state of his mind and feelings when he again met Margaret Arundel in the house of Angelo Egerton.

In person, in character, in everything, Margaret was a direct contrast to the Spaniard, and this very contrast and difference was the first thing which attracted St. John to her; it was a relief, but withal he was somewhat surprised to find that gradually her sweet fair face was constantly in his thoughts and memory. It was useless to reproach himself with fickleness; as the days, and weeks, and months passed on, he felt that self reproach was useless. Unconsciously she had wound herself round his heart, and if his affection for her was not the same passionate love he had borne Leonora, it was firmer, deeper stronger and lasting. The first love had been rather the bowing of his senses and imagination to the dark, grave, almost weird beauty of Leonora; and naturally when time enabled him to analyze it, the love founded on such sands fell from its pinnacle, leaving only the calm, steady affection he had always had for the child.

But Margaret had no such attractions, for though lovely, she had not the extraordinary and strange beauty of the Spaniard, and Louis loved her with his heart—not his imagination—for her innate beauty of character, not her personal beauty or the lofty and masculine intellect which in Leonora de Caldara he had bowed to, and which he now felt, though indefinitely, must have inevitably produced misery; for emphatically the husband must be the head. If a marriage is to be happy, the wife must hardly be the equal in intellect, certainly not the superior.

And so one day he told Margaret how he loved her; he concealed nothing, but honorably told her all, and then he learned how long and faithfully she had loved him.

Once again Louis St. John stood before Angelo Egerton, and asked him for a bride; and this time there was no shadow on that handsome face as he placed her hand in in Louis's, and said with his beautiful smile:

"Take her, old friend, as a priceless treasure, for a true-hearted woman is God's own gift."

CHAPTER XLV.

NEVER, perhaps, had the Central Criminal Court been more crowded than it was on the 12th of April, 18—; and that not merely with the "vulgar herd," but peers, and peeresses, and many M. P.'s had not disdained to show themselves there. The length of time elapsing between the murder and the arrest of the accused man, the strange circumstances of the whole thing, including the important history of the portrait, which had been the means of his capture, and above all, the high rank and fame of those most nearly concerned—one, a statesman of fame and a minister, and Julian Rothesay, the artist of the portrait—all these things had made the trial of Arthur Vivian an exciting one.

Long before it was called on you might have seen, in a distant corner, where they could see without being noticed, a gray-haired man in a clerical dress, and a young lady, with a child in her arms. No one noticed them, and no one guessed who they were.

Sir Henry Seton, the attorney-general, with an eminent counsel, had been retained for the prosecution, and for the prisoner were retained men of almost equal eminence, Mr. Beresford, Q. C., and his junior, Mr. Hargrave.

Hugh Bertram saw them come in before the case was called, and he noticed too that nearly all those he had met at Falcontower were there already—the St. John's, and Walter Surrey, and Mrs. Rochester with a gentleman whom he rightly guessed to be her husband. Then he saw a venerable-looking old gentleman enter leaning on the arm of a young girl in black, whom he recognized as the Miss Herbert he had met in the

north. They passed on and spoke to Mrs. Rochester, who placed the old man beside her; and while the rector was watching them a murmur near the door made him turn to see Angelo Egerton come in with his young wife and Margaret Arundel, followed by Julian and Isbel Rothesay. They passed quietly through the crowd and took their places with the rest near their solicitor and counsel, and their witnesses, who were seven in number—old Mr Everard the gunsmith, a Mr. Morley, a well known London clockmaker, his foreman, Sam Warren and his wife, and a Brightstone boatman, and the surgeon who had attended Leonora.

On the opposite side were only Arthur Vivian's solicitor, and four witnesses whom it will be better to name in their turn as they appear.

A few more moments and then the long-expected trial was called on, and the next minute Arthur Vivian appeared, his slight, elegant figure erect, and the gleaming black eyes and handsome countenance hard and set in all its dark and evil beauty boldly facing them all so like the portrait (which thousands had been to see since his examination) that a visible effect was produced. A murmur arose which was almost instantly repressed; the indictment was read; and the question how the prisoner pleaded, asked.

There was a dead silence.

Vivian leaned slightly forward, glanced around, and answered clearly and deliberately:

"Not guilty!"

As the words passed his lips, his eyes met Leonora Egerton's fixed on him with that watchful steady gaze he remembered so well, and dreaded even now so much, and he turned aside with a fiercely muttered curse; but the voice of the attorney-general made him look up again.

"I appear, my lord, for the prosecution."

And then the case fairly commenced by the attorney general opening it in a very concise speech, stating all the facts.

He said that nearly ten years and a half before, in the August of the year 18—, the deceased, Jesuita Maria Lady Egerton, went to Brightstone with her son and his ward, Leonora de Caldara then six years of age; and Sir Angelo took a house at the corner of Brunswick Terrace, almost opposite to the Catholic chapel of Our Lady, in Water street, into which street he begged it to be remembered the window of the deceased lady's bed chamber looked; also that an agile person could ascend or descend from it to the street by means of stuccoed facings, which were up to the house and close to the window.

The child was accustomed to sleep in Lady Egerton's own room in a crib in the corner near the bed; and on the night of the 21st of September she (the little girl) was put to bed as usual.

Lady Egerton and her son had been that evening to an evening concert, but they returned home before eleven. Sir Angelo remained in his study, reading; his mother, the deceased, went to bed; and being tired, she did not put away the jewels she had on, but merely placed them in their casket, and left them on an ottoman close to the window. The jewels, the learned counsel said, should be produced.

The child, Leonora de Caldara, was awakened by a shriek and the report of a pistol, and she distinctly saw a man escaping out of the window. Sir Angelo also heard the report and subsequently the bullet was extracted from the body of the deceased.

Beneath the window a man, an Italian named Guilo Doria, was seized, and at the same time the clock of St. Mary's struck twelve. He wished to call particular attention to that fact. In the hand of the prisoner was found a pistol, evidently having been just fired, and in his pocket was found its fellow; the bullet fitted both; but the jewels stolen were not on him; though, as the policeman had noticed a man running away, he supposed him to be an accomplice.

Doria said that he had been passing; that as he came up he saw a man run round the corner, and that he saw the pistol on the ground, and had just picked it up, when a cry of "Murder!" was raised and he was seized, but he refused to give any account of himself at all, and was arrested for the murder.

But Sir Angelo, for private reasons, believed him innocent; and the child, his ward, positively and persistently swore that he was not the murderer. However, he was committed though all attempts to trace the man seen flying failed. Doria contrived to escape from prison and was never retaken.

"And now, my lord and gentlemen of the jury," said the attorney general, "I am coming to the prisoner. Eight years passed. Sir Angelo and his ward remaining convinced that the murderer was still at large. Last January two years, Lady Egerton, then Miss de Caldara (and with the lady's permission I will so call her for the present) was sent to a place called Yellowfield, and there she met a Miss Margaret Arundel, with whom she formed a close friendship. So firmly were the features of the man she had seen imprinted on her mind that, one day, Miss de Caldara drew his face from memory in crayons. Miss Arundel saw it and remarked that it was exactly like her guardian's nephew, Arthur Vivian, and then Miss de Caldara arranged with her friend that she was to spend the holidays with her at her guardian's house Forest Moor Grange. When there she discovered, concealed in a column of an old cloister on the premises, the jewels that had been stolen, and she also convinced herself that the Arthur Vivian she met there was the murderer she had seen eight years before. I may further add that when the prisoner found she had taken the jewels he stabbed her, left her for dead, and fled. The stiletto he used is now in court, and it is remarkable that the deceased Lady Egerton was, before being shot, stabbed, and the wound pronounced by the physician to be that of a stiletto. I shall presently show the court that one of the pistols was sold to the prisoner, the other to the gentleman who, on the 21st of September was passing for an Italian, for reasons he will explain. The defence, I believe, is an *alibi*, but I shall show the court that the clock of St. Mary's was right by London time, and that of St. Catherine's ten minutes slow. I shall now produce my proofs, and the first witness I call is Lady Egerton."

Leonora rose immediately, colorless as a beautiful marble statue, but as calm and still. She had gone through too much to be unnerved by the hundreds of eyes fixed upon her and even the counsel for the defence, experienced as he was to brow beat witnesses, glanced at her as she was sworn, and whispered to his solicitor:

"I am afraid she will not be shaken. Look at her face."

"Do your best," said the solicitor. "Hush now."

The attorney general was speaking.

"Your name is Leonora Egerton?"

"It is."

"And you were formerly the ward of Sir Angelo Egerton?"

"I was from the age of five years, when he brought me over from Spain."

"What is your maiden name?"

"Caldara—Leonora de Caldara."

"Now, Lady Egerton, how far back can you remember minute events or things?"

"I can remember things that occurred in Spain when I was four years old. I can recollect my father's confessor, whom I left at five years of age, so well that, a few years ago, when in Madrid, I recognized him as he passed the window."

"Then you can recollect events of more recent date?"

"Most certainly."

"Do you remember anything that happened in any particular year?"

"Yes, I remember going to Brightstone in the August of 18—, with my guardian and my cousin Jesuita, the deceased."

"Were you at Brightstone on the 21st of September?"

"Yes."

"Do you recollect anything that occurred that night?"

"Certainly."

"State what you remember."

"I remember," said Leonora and her voice throughout, though low and soft, was heard in the farthest corner as clear and distinct as a bell, "I remember that that evening Sir Angelo Egerton and his mother were out at a concert. I was put to bed as usual at half past eight, and I went to sleep. I was awoke by a shriek and a loud report, and I rose up in bed, and distinctly saw a man escaping through the window."

"Did you see his face?"

"Yes. He looked back into the room, and I saw him as plainly as I now see his lordship or any one else here."

"Now, Lady Egerton, look round and say whether you see that man."

Leonora raised her dark eyes, and her steady unflinching glance went straight to Vivian, who shivered beneath it as if that look withered him.

"The prisoner is the man I saw that night," she said, calmly and firmly.

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

William Twining, of South Rutland, N Y., writes that he was a classmate with William Cullen Bryant in Williams College. He was obliged to leave college on account of ill health, but singular as it may now appear he is now 90 years of age and without a white hair or bald spot on his head. Young men who are inclined to despair because their health is not good should feel encouraged by the long life of Mr. Twining.

Under martial law in Russia, it is rather a difficult matter to steer newspapers clear of the rocks of official displeasure. A Moscow journal has just been suppressed for the peculiar offense of arguing in favor of larger liberty for the press.

Matthew and John Guy Vassar, following in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessor, propose to erect a home for old men on the grounds now occupied by the Vassar mansion, in Poughkeepsie.

The first railroad in Palestine has been contracted for between Jaffa and Jerusalem forty miles. The contractor is reported to be G. F. D. Lovell, a resident of Cincinnati.

Miss Carston's Work.

BY OLIVE BELL.

"YOUR case is very doubtful," said Dr. Ames, a physician of great ability, as he gazed into the placid face of Isabel Carston, who stood among the among costly lace draperies of the bay window in her cool drawing-room, like some half veiled statue, a dash of sunshine falling across her bronze brown hair, and rippling over the folds of her white morning dress, like waves of gold. Her long lashed eyelids drooped over the violet eyes.

"It is heart disease then?" she questions with an undertone of pain in her sweet voice.

"It is—heart disease of an organic nature, too that may take you out of the world without a moment's warning," her physician said in the gravest but tenderest of voices, for he admired the noble woman before him and keenly felt his inability to help her. "May I ask if you are willing to go, Miss Carston?"

"Willing—but not ready! My work is not half finished," was her reply, as she dreamily drew the silken tassels of her girdle through her slender fingers. "Can you do nothing for me?"

"Nothing, you must take the best care of your health, take regular exercise in the open air, avoid fatigue, and above all do not allow anything to agitate you. With care, you may live many years, my dear Miss Carston."

The physician pressed her hand, and after a few parting words, left Miss Carston to her reflections, which were bitter indeed.

At twenty one she had been left an orphan with the care of a vast estate, and a young half sister, whose gay and capricious disposition had given her a world of trouble and anxiety.

Isabel was grave and thoughtful. Alice was vain light hearted, a very butterfly of fashion and folly, who could not understand her elder sister's sober views of life and its requirements.

Added to this, Isabel had long loved with more than common devotion a man who but for one besetting sin, had been a very king among men. She held her heart tightly with her white hands as a thought of him shot through it like a sword. Must she leave him to battle with his enemy? For she alone could hold him back, when others looked on in passive helplessness, as he rushed headlong into one excess after another. Must she leave her gay young sister, her many friends, good works and daily pleasures, for her life had been made up of gentle, charitable words, and deeds and a good life is a pleasure to any soul.

Ah! some bright day like this, she must close her eyes on the world she loved and with that faith that God's will was here, she mourned deeply that the disease that had long been troubling her was so fatal.

"If I could only live," she sighs, "to see Alice the wife of some good man, and Carroll's reformation fully established. But I must submit—for He doeth all things well."

Half an hour later, pretty Alice Carston walked into her sister's presence, her charming brunette face the picture of health, good humor and beauty. Black rings of hair were blown into a thousand tiny curls about her forehead, and her cheeks rivalled in bloom the spray of crimson roses she held in her dimpled hand.

"Look, Isabel," she cries, "the roses are in bloom, over at St. Judes."

"What were you doing at St. Jude's church?" inquired Isabel, with a start of surprise.

"Oh, nothing," laughed Alice, with a suspicious blush, "I like to go there—the scenery is lovely."

"Do not go again, Alice, unless you have company," said Isabel, "for it is very lonely."

Alice bit her lips to suppress a smile and pulled her roses to pieces.

"Isabel," she began, her fingers fluttering nervously, "I would like to spend to morrow with cousin Jennie. May I?"

"Certainly, if——"

"If what?" exclaimed Alice, observing the pallor of her sister's face.

"If I feel better, Alice."

Alice was down on her knees at her sister's side in an instant.

"Are you sick?"

She put her arms around Isabel's neck and kissed her.

Isabel could not tell her. She felt her courage leaving her for the sight of the bright young face quite unnerved her.

"Oh, no!" she said with a smile, "but you know I have not felt very strong lately."

"Is that all," said Alice, with a sigh of intense relief, "well I wouldn't mope for that."

She arose with a laugh, and said coaxingly:

"I may go, dear?"

"Yes, if you behave yourself," smiled her sister, for the young girl's buoyant spirits were contagious.

Alice left the room with a song on her lips.

Carrol Morgan came in, looking dull and preoccupied. He was tall and handsome, with blue, truthful eyes and smiling brown bearded lips, whose persuasive words would have easily talked any woman's heart out of her keeping.

Isabel would have staked her life on his fidelity, and would as soon have doubted the existence of her Master, as the strength of his love for her. After conversing for a few moments, Isabel laid her hand on his arm, and said gently.

"I want you to promise me something, Carroll?"

"A thousand things if you like," he laughed, avoiding the earnest glance of the violet eyes.

"If anything should happen me, watch over Alice——"

"If anything should happen you?" he interrupted, watching her keenly.

"Yes, happen me," she laughed a little nervously, "you know accidents will happen and people die suddenly sometimes. So you'll try and rid yourself of all bad habits, Carroll, and watch carefully over my young sister?"

"Indeed I will, Isabel," he answers, with a strang glow in his blue eyes, "and you will forgive me, if I wound your heart some day, won't you?"

"You cannot wound me any deeper than you have done—for the future, I hope better things."

A flush crept up to the very roots of his hair.

"You are so good, Isabel. I do not deserve your love and confidence," he says huskily. And as if to atone for the anxiety he had caused her, he talked as only Carroll Morgan could talk, and drove all thoughts of death from Isabel's mind.

The next morning dawned bright and golden, the air balmy with a thousand scents, the sky as blue as sapphire, and every living thing bubbling over with life and renewed vigor. Even the lilies that swung their snowy bells along the garden paths, seemed to send up a richer flood of incense, as Isabel Carston drew the softest of gray zephyr shawls around her shoulders and walked down to the lawn gate that opened into a sheltered path that led to the picturesque old church of St Jude.

Isabel looked like some gray draped spirit as she glided along under the tall cedars, her soft gray garments floating about her like a cloud, her pale face looking out, white and saintly from under the rim of her plain cottage hat, and the cluster of spotless lilies she held in her hand were not more pure than the heart they rested on.

Certainly no thought of coming evil warned Isabel that her walk to St. Jude's would end in disaster. Her heart was full of gentle thoughts—her brain teeming with wise plans for Carroll Morgan's salvation from that most dreadful of all demons—intemperance, and her gay young sister's redemption from the world's follies.

Why she took the path of St. Jude's she could not tell, unless her thoughts, so full of that higher and better life, led her.

She paused with one hand resting on the iron wicket, and gazed at the beautiful scene before and around her.

Far as the eye could reach, wide stretches of meadow land and ripening grain were veined by silvery brooks or wide, swift streams whose banks were a mass of green verdure or gorgeous flowers. Hills, whose wooded crests seemed to reach the sapphire sky, filled up the background, against which the old stone church, with its tall, narrow windows draped with crimson roses, whose trailing arms had entwined the chimneys and steeple, stood out like some gray old ruin, that the sunlight loved to gild with its glory, and roses to beautify with their crimson blushes.

The doors stood open, and Isabel walked under the stone arches, into the aisle, expecting to meet and have a quiet chat with the white haired sexton, who had laid away the remains of a score or two of Carstons in the churchyard of St. Jude's.

A subdued murmur of voices, attracted her attention, and glancing toward the chancel, a scene met her eyes that transfixed her to the spot.

For the rector stood before a couple who were going through the marriage ceremony, and in the groom Isabel saw her lover, Carroll Morgan, and the bride was the young sister who had left her but a few hours ago, all smiles and blushes.

To his dying day Carroll Morgan never forgot the stony agony of the violet eyes that met his, as he turned away from the altar, the husband of Alice Carston. Why he had been faithless to the woman he had loved for years, none but God and himself knew. But when the slender figure swayed and fell, a stream of blood crimsoning the white lilies and gray garments he rushed from the side of his horror stricken wife, and raised Isabel, with a cry of remorse, as her white lips moaned:

"Un—fin—ish—ed!"

"Forgive me, Isabel, or I shall go mad!" he cried, as he held her to his breast.

"God—bless—you—both!" and Isabel's eyes sought the terrified face of Alice, who was too full of remorseful sorrow to utter a word, with a long look of love and reproach, and then closed forever.

Carroll Morgan became a wiser and better

man. Alice, saddened by her elder sister's death, gave up her fashionable follies, and devoted her life to finishing the work Isabel had not been spared to see, bearing fruit.

Wild Babies.

THE love of an Indian mother for her child is made plain to us by the care and labor which she often expends upon the cradle: the choicest production of her skill in grass and woollen weaving the neatest needlework, and the richest bead embroidery that she can devise and bestow are lavished upon the quaint looking cribs which savage mothers nurse and carry their little ones about in. This cradle, though varying in minor details with each tribe, is essentially the same thing, no matter where it is found, between the Indians of Alaska and those far to the south in Mexico. The Esquimaux are the exception, however; for they use no cradle whatever, carrying their infants snugly ensconced in the hoods.

Indian babies, as a rule, are not kept in their cradles more than twenty to twenty-four consecutive hours at any one time: they are usually unlimbered for an hour or two every day, and allowed to roll and tumble at will on a blanket, or in the grass or sand if the sun shines warm and bright. But this liberty is always conditional upon their good behavior when free; for the moment a baby begins to fret or whimper, the mother places it back into its cradle, where it rests with emphasis, for it can there move nothing save its head.

When the pappoose is put away in its cradle, the mother has little or no more concern with it, other than to keep within sight or hearing. If she is engaged about the wigwam or in the village, she stands it up in the lodge corner, or hangs it to some convenient tree, taking it down at irregular intervals to nurse. When she retires at night, the baby is brought and suspended at some point within easy reach; if the baby is ill, it is kept at her side, or she sits up all night with it in the most orthodox fashion. When the women leave the village on any errand, such as going to the mountains for berries, or to the river canon for fish, the cradles with the babies therein are slung upon their mothers' backs, and carried, no matter how far, how rough the road or how dismal the weather.

When a pappoose becomes ill it refuses to eat or to be comforted; and after several days and nights of anxious tender endeavor to relieve her child, the mother begins to fear the worst, and, growing thoroughly alarmed, she at last sends for the 'shaman,' or a doctress of the tribe, and surrenders her babe to his or her merciless hands. This shaman at once sets up over the wretched youngster a steady howling and then anon a whispering conjuration, shaking a hideous rattle or burning wisps of grass around the cradle. This is kept up night and day until the baby rallies or dies, one doctor relieving the other until the end is attained, and that result is death nine times out of ten.

When the pappoose has rounded its second year of existence, it leaves the cradle and begins to chew meat and salmon; it runs about the village for the next ten or twelve years without a scrap of clothing during the summer, if a boy, and provided with a corner of a blanket to wrap around itself in winter; if it be a girl, it is clad in a short leather dress, the arms and legs bare. A marked difference in treatment of the two sexes begins also at a very early age. The boys literally run wild; they are not asked to do anything, and they are never punished for the rankest insubordination; but the girls fall into line behind their mothers as soon as they can carry a five pound weight, and become hewers of wood and drawers of water before they enter their teens: industry and submission is the lesson they are thoroughly taught, while the very opposite is held out to the boys, and gloried in by them.

The pappoose, after being weaned for the next five or six years keeps about his mother or abuses an older sister if he has one; he pays earnest and prompt attention to meals and is seldom seen without something in his mouth; he rolls contentedly in the ashes of the fire, and spends hour after hour during these tender years in roasting over the coals little strips of meat or fish impaled on twigs or forked sticks; he becomes early known to all the dogs in the village, and attaches himself to some favorite one or two of them, which receive all the fresh bones and other dainty morsels that he has to spare from day to day. Gradually his spider like arms and legs grow stronger and he begins to essay murder with the bow and arrow, and to imitate the strut of the warriors as they stalk from lodge to lodge; he rolls himself up to sleep every night in a snuggest and most convenient place he can find in the 'tepee,' either at the feet of his parents or coiled up with his relatives.

The pappoose finds his own playthings, as a rule, though his father occasionally unbends far enough to fashion his first bow and arrow. He delights in playing ball but not in catching it, as our boys do. It is usually a game similar to 'shinny' when played by the little Indians. He deligh also is setting small snares for grouse, rabbits and water fowl and takes real honest boyish satisfaction in robbing birds's nests; but when the berry season arrives, then is he happiest, and his cup of content runs over.

The state of communism in which Indians live generally permits no privileged class among them, and the girls of the chief walk in single file along the wood trail under just as heavy burdens as are carried by the daughters of the others who have no rank or standing whatever in the village. Liberty, equality, and fraternity among the children are a patent fact. There are no heartburnings caused by wealth here or high public position. The boys are never known to have quarrelled among themselves because the father of one was richer than the father of another; and the little girls never attempt or think of queening it over one another on the strength of better dresses and their mother's carriage.

The fact that the Esquimaux babies are not managed at all like the tender young Indian savages rather peculiar; but the youngster is carried in its mother's hood instead, until it is old and strong enough to walk, then it is incased in a complete suit, consisting of a cloak, breeches, and boots, in exact imitation of the dress of its father or mother, as the case of its sex may be. Then, too, this Indian discrimination in favor of the boys is not recognised by them, for both sexes have an equal share of labor to perform as soon as they are able to do it.

The Esquimaux baby, being housed up with its parents so many long months of each year, owing to the severity of the climate of its country, is richly provided with toys made for it by its indulgent parents, who fashion with considerable skill neat little images of bears, foxes, seals, and birds out of walrus-ivory and bone; tiny sleds, spears, bows and arrows, and little canoes are added to the list, with dolls for the girls until the child is fully endowed with almost everything in miniature that the simple surroundings of the hard life of its ancestors can suggest. Very little parental discipline is enforced, but occasionally a mother loses her patience, and tosses a naked youngster out from the hut into the snow or keen driving wind, where it is speedily reduced to abject submission, and when only too glad to behave, it is permitted to return to the sheltering hut.

The Indian mother usually sings and chants to her baby in low and frequently musical tones. Sometimes these lullabies are neat and pretty little compositions, but the song is usually a vague unmeaning refrain, or else a single idea repeated over and over; sometimes the mother apostrophises her son in a song by which she prophesies its future as an exceptionally brilliant one. She tells him that in the fulness of time his little legs are to become as strong big pine trees, that his tiny arms are to grow into muscles more powerful than those of a huge grizzly bear, that he is never to fail in the chase, and that he is going to be good to his old mother when she shall become senile and helpless.

The vagaries of caprice or fashion among Indians in regard to naming their babies are numerous; but the mothers are never worried over the trouble presented often to ourselves, where our baby has two or three rich relatives, and it becomes necessary to adroitly choose the name of the right one for that baby—the one that will come down with the cash expectant: nothing of this kind bothers the mind of the savage mother; but immediately at its birth she names it after some animal flower, or other thing, or a remarkable event, and all sorts of occurrences.

A ghastly incident in the voyage of a Russian transport ship with seven hundred Nihilist prisoners for Sangbalia is related by a Paris paper. The ship was so overcrowded that two hundred of the prisoners died on the voyage, and one hundred and fifty more were landed in a dying state. It is asserted that the prisoners were packed like cattle in the hold of the ship.

The London *World* says:—"There are few women who, if they have exhibited the judgment and tact which generally command a certain measure of happiness in life, arrive at middle age without acquiring an expression of face which is often no bad substitute for actual beauty. Character and experience leave their mark upon the feminine countenance in a more conspicuous degree even than time itself and when a woman has once passed the age of thirty her face proclaims, with increasing distinctness, whether she is a daughter of wisdom or of folly."

Lieutenant Carey, who had charge of the Prince's escort and has been sent home from Zululand in disgrace, is said to be one of the bravest officers in the English army, for besides behaving gallantly in battle, he has often acted as a spy. That he led in a retreat when suddenly attacked by Zulus is admitted, but on this side of the Atlantic the general opinion will be that Lieutenant Carey was court-martialed, not because he fled from certain death, but because he allowed a prince to be killed.

Roman loungers were treated to a rare spectacle recently on the Via Appia—a bicycle race between two ladies who both belong to the best society and are celebrated for their beauty. They appeared on their iron steeds, arrayed in the most coquettish of Spanish hats, vests and tights. The fair winner was Mme. Le Gual, the pretty wife of the First Secretary of the Belgian Legation.

My Friend's Wife.

BY H. C. K.

WHEN I first knew Brill I thought him the most eccentric, the most awkward, and the homeliest of creatures.

But I found out that he was a good fellow, and that though he looked forty he was not twenty-seven; also that he had a sentimental soul.

Therefore I confided to him a fact that I had concealed from all my college chums, who laughed at such things.

It was a moonlight night, and we had been walking together, and sat down at the end of a lonesome pier not far from the Academic haunts, and the water splashed against the logs with a slow, melancholy noise.

It was a night to be romantic in, and I caught myself wishing for a confidant.

"Brill," I said, suddenly, "I wonder whether you were ever in love?"

"Do you?" asked Brill. "Well, I've often wondered about you; were you?"

"Yes," said I. "I am, Brill—it's the most singular thing. I have a mind to tell you all about it. It's a lady, but of course I mustn't mention her name, even to you."

"No, no!" cried Brill. "No, no, of course not. Shake hands. I like your spirit. Well, you're in love with a lady?"

"Such a wonderful creature," I said. "So handsome—so charming! Older than I considerably—but I adore her. She likes me too, and she says that though I am but nineteen, she'd have me if there wasn't an obstacle."

"An obstacle!" exclaimed Brill. "Dear, dear, how curious! An obstacle! Well, does she tell you what it is?"

"No," said I, "she won't give me the least hint. She goes with me to the theatre or opera. She'll allow me to offer her refreshments or slight presents, but she says—

"'Lemuel, do not seek to know the mystery, but a barrier separates us for ever.'"

"What a remarkable thing," cried Brill. "What shall you do?"

"Wait until the obstacle is removed," I said, folding my arms.

"I trust that it will be," said Brill, sighing. "Now, Lemuel, I'll confide in you. I'm in love also."

"Ah!" said I.

"And my affection is returned," said Brill.

"You are a lucky man," said I.

"But there is an obstacle," said he, "only, unlike you, I know it."

"What is it?" I asked.

Brill took out a small mole-skin purse and held it towards me.

"It's that," said he. "A man can't marry until he can give his wife a home, and if she was willing to starve her grandfather would not let her do it. He refuses his consent until I have 'something certain.' I haven't even anything uncertain," said poor Brill. "That purse was given to me for good luck, but it always seems to be empty. I've been trying for a professorship for five years, but I seem as likely to get the moon."

Money was not the obstacle in my case, for I was to come into a fortune on my twenty first birthday, and then I went on to give Brill some sketches.

This was pleasant, and from that time Brill and I had a good deal to say to each other about the objects of our affection, always holding their names sacred as in honor bound.

But the name of the lady I admired was Adele.

That much at least I can tell my readers, and whenever I went to the city I used to prostrate myself in effect at her feet.

The obstacle was greater than ever, she asserted, but it was not an obstacle to love making—moonlight rambles, long evenings in deserted parlors, hours when we danced, and ate, and sang together.

I used to rush home intoxicated and confide in Brill.

Brill, for his part, often went to the city; then he confided in me.

"She's so sweet, so true, so patient!" he used to say. "Never sees anyone or accepts any attention when I'm absent. She's an angel, Lemuel."

And I agreed that she must be as I looked at Brill.

So the time passed on, and I suppose the obstacles we spoke of exerted the usual effect upon the masculine mind, for we were more in love than ever.

It was a year from the date of our first confidence when a delightful thing happened to Brill—he got his professorship.

The obstacle removed in his case, and he rushed to me in great glee to tell me all about it.

"I'm going to London now," he said; "when I return I shall have my wife with me. You shall be her friend as well as mine. I long to introduce you."

Of course I congratulated Brill, and I pictured to myself the sort of plain, respectable person—not young but quite intellectual—who was a suitable mate for him.

Then I thought of my Adele—dark-eyed, dark-haired, pale, with scarlet lips.

Then, being excited by the thought, it occurred to me to write and ask her about that obstacle.

Some mysterious and joyful thing might have occurred.

It seemed to me that it must, but this was her reply—

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND.—('Young friend' indeed! What did she mean?)—The obstacle was never so large; it has grown so that I think I must say good bye to you for ever. We have been very happy together. The little faded bouquet I fold in this paper is the last you gave me. Adieu.

ADELE."

It handed down a lady. It took her upon its arm. It advanced.

It was Brill.

"Lemuel, my dear friend," he cried, holding out his great hand. "Lemuel! I knew I should find you here. My dear, this is Mr. Briggs, of whom I have spoken so often. Lemuel, my wife."

The lady put back her traveling veil, and held out her grey gloved hand.

Was this the plain, young person, much like Brill himself—dusky hair; dark, long-lashed eyes; beautiful brunette pallor, and coral lips?

No, I had not gone mad, it was Adele.

"I have met Mr. Briggs before," said she, with a charming smile. "Happy to meet you, Mr. Briggs."

For me I said nothing. I only bowed low.

I was furiously angry, wild schemes of revenge darted through my mind, but just then old Brill placed the little grey glove under his arm again.

"Fancy her being so constant to me," he said, with his queer, frank familiarity. "She might have had anybody, you know."

"Mr. Briggs will think you crazy, my dear. I presume he sees at a glance that I'm by no means all you think me," said Mrs. Brill, with the tone of raillery, and a look of saying something very true indeed.

I couldn't speak to her, but I wrung Brill's hand in mine.

"Old fellow," I said, "I hope you'll be happy."

And as I walked by their side I vowed to hold my tongue and let no misery of his be of my making, for, on the whole, as I remembered the kisses, the lingering touch of hands, the tender tones and the pressed bouquet, I did not envy Brill any longer.

However, what one does not know one does not grieve for.

REMARKABLE TOMBS.—Among the most remarkable tombs of the ancients may be noticed the sepulchre carved out of the living rock by order of Darius, the warrior and conqueror king of Persia, for the reception of his own remains; and which is existing to this day at Persepolis, after a duration of twenty-three centuries. The portico is supported by four columns twenty feet in height, and in the centre is a form of a doorway, seemingly the entrance to the interior, but it is solid; the entablature is of chaste design. Above the portico there is what may be termed an ark, supported by two rows of figures about the size of life, bearing it on their uplifted hands, and at each angle a griffin—an ornament which is very frequent at Persepolis. On this stage stands the king, with a bent bow in his hand, worshipping the sun, whose image is seen above the altar that stands before him, while above his head hovers his feroucher or disembodied spirit. This is the good genius that in Persian and Nineveite sculpture accompanies the king when performing any important act. On each side the ark are nine inches, each containing a statue in bas-relief. No other portion of the tomb was intended to be seen, excepting the sculptured front; and we must therefore conclude that the entrance was kept secret, and that the avenues were by subterranean passages so constructed that none but the privileged could find their way. We are told by Theophrastus that Darius was buried in a coffer of Egyptian alabaster, and also that the early Persians buried their dead entire, preserving their bodies with honey or wax.

Alexis St. Martin, whose open stomach furnished Dr. Beaumont an opportunity for studying directly the process of gastric digestion, is still living at St. Thomas, Canada. He is described as hale and hearty at the age of 67, though the orifice in his stomach is still open. It will be remembered that the wound was the result of a charge of buckshot accidentally received, laying open the stomach so that food could be injected or removed at will by the attending physician, whose observations were of such great value to medical science. It is now fifty-seven years since the accident occured.

The representative of the heir of the great Henry Clay was in Boston last week to negotiate the sale of the famous Clay vase, bought by the generous contributions of the enthusiastic Whigs in 1844. About everything else has gone for the benefit of the young spendthrift, and now this testimonial to his grandfather is put in the market. The vase is of solid silver, two and a half feet high and elaborately fabricated.

AS I LEAN AGAINST THE CASEMENT.

BY CLARA WEST JONES.

As I lean against the casement
Lost in musings, come there now
Tender thoughts of my departed,
Who with dust upon their brow,
In the sleep that knows no waking
Slumber calmly 'neath the sod—
Spirits blest and now made perfect
In the mansions of our God.

And I gaze to where in splendor,
Ere to us he bids adieu,
Sinks the sun, tinting with golden
Earth's vast canopy of blue;
And it seems to my rapt vision,
Heaven's jeweled gate to be,
Whilst strains of seraphic music
Bear the zephyrs unto me.

And beyond the glorious portals
Of those mansions of the blest,
See I dear ones who have entered
Now into the perfect rest,
That He giveth His beloved
When with earth forever done—
Those who fought beneath Christ's banner
Wear the crowns their valor won.

There are too the cherished blossoms,
Angels lent, who for awhile
Loving hearts did cheer and gladden
With the sunshine of their smile:
But with Spring's sweet, early violets,
Drooped the pure gifts God had given,
And death gently bore our darlings
To the radiant shores of Heaven.

With fond longings yearns my tired heart
For its olden place of rest,
In your arms all grief forgotten,
O my sainted one! my blest!
And his face so calm, so peaceful,
With its glance of love looks down—
Through the mist of tears, dear father,
I see not your starry crown.

* * * * * * *

Past the river, gone my dear ones,
Heaven's gate I see no more—
Life's brief dream will soon be over,
Soon I'll reach the Eternal shore.

In a Ravine.

BY M. M.

"HERE we are at last!"

"And precious seedy we all look."

"Yes, that abominable Mediterranean nearly finished me off. Well, here goes to forget all about sea sickness—for the next few months, at least—and thoroughly enjoy ourselves."

These remarks were uttered by Hugh Villiamy, Guy Gee and myself, Sydney Shipton, as we sat round a well spread table in a French hotel, in the north of Africa, all three being pale and slightly green as to complexion, not being good sailors.

Hugh Guy, and I, had been somewhere together for the last three years, for sporting purposes; and this time we had resolved to realise our long-cherished dream of seeing the African lion in a state of nature. Each of us had made up his mind to kill the first lion, and we had two or three bets on about it.

We did not stay long in this civilised part of the world, but hastened to get farther south; and though it was early in December, and consequently rather cold, a healthy brown was fast tinging our skins, from the open air and exercise. The highest mountains were already crowned with snow, and we heard that it was by far the best time of the year for sport, as the game, forced by the snow and cold air of the heights to do so, came down into the plains where the temperature was milder. We should probably find hyenas, wild boars, and lions, if we were fortunate, and there seemed good prospect of adventures of an exciting nature.

We took up our quarters at a small town southeast of Morocco, and had not been there long before Guy came in one morning, having been out early, with eyes that told me at once that he had heard news. However, he took his seat at breakfast without any remark, and merely answered my query of, "Is anything up?" with a quiet "yes."

I restrained my curiosity; and, as I expected, finding he was asked no questions, he soon spoke.

"A lion has been seen at a farm not far off, and helped himself to a sheep. Here a chance for us."

Villiamy sprang up.

"Hurrah! Come along, boys. Don't let's lose any time."

He fetched his gun, examined it, and we soon had all our weapons in readiness. We then sallied forth. There was some excitement in the place about it, and a battue was organized, we being of the party, but with no result. No lion turned up, and we had to content ourselves for that day with smaller game. However, though we were disappointed this time, an opportunity occurred before long for us to have our wishes gratified.

We had for a week or two been staying at a lodging house on the outskirts of the town, riding out daily in search of any game that might turn up; and during this time Gee had somehow managed to make friends with an Arab chief, who had invited us all to his house, some miles from the town. Guy had expressed his desire for a shot at the king of beasts, and his new acquaintance promised that we should have the pleasure of hunting the lion very shortly if we would go.

After a little hesitation we agreed to accept the invitation, in reality not a little delighted at the novel experience thus offering itself; and a few days after we were riding out to his place. He welcomed us with much cordiality, and we learned that several lions had lately been seen in the neighborhood, and that almost every morning the Arabs of his tribe found vacancies among their flocks. It was time something was done, and a battue was decided on for the following day.

The next morning while we were at breakfast, a man came in, pale and trembling, to say that he had been on his way to a farm not far off, when he had come across two large lions apparently asleep in the road, scarcely a quarter of an hour before. He had come back at once, taking the greatest care not to disturb their slumbers, no doubt, or he would not have been there.

Horses were speedily saddled, and we reached the place the man had indicated to find that the animals had gone, though the fresh traces showed that they had not vacated the place many minutes. We dismounted, to try and discover which direction they had taken, when we saw evidently the very two emerge from amongst some trees.

They were splendid specimens, and the chief judged them to be about five years of age. Catching sight of us, they stood still for a few seconds, then turned and disappeared into a thicket of trees.

Our host, seeing that we were all impatience to pursue, turned and said a few words to one of the men who had accompanied us, who now galloped off in the way we had come.

We waited and waited, until Guy Gee had almost lost his temper, for we were obliged to be guided by our host's wishes under existing circumstances; but at last we were surrounded by a hundred or more of Arab beaters, of whom more than half were armed with sticks and hatchets.

When I saw these men descend into the ravine where the lions had taken refuge, and penetrate into the thicket, I was horrified at their audacity—quite unnecessarily, as I afterwards found, as they are given to taking pretty good care of themselves.

Of course, during our preparations, the animals had had time to get a good bit ahead, and we followed their tracks for two hours without ever coming near them. At last we caught sight of them some distance before us, just as they entered a little wood where the trees were thick and close, and it was difficult to get along.

The beaters were down in the hollow between us, and began their work. For an hour we followed the course of the ravine without any result, and I was beginning to feel slightly fatigued, when the report of a gun from the opposite side put us on the alert. The bushes were too high for us to see over, and, as the beaters had given no sign, I asked some of the Arabs whether they thought it could be a lion that had been fired at. The answer was a negative movement, for I only knew a word or two of their language, and none of those who followed us speaking French, I could not gain any further information.

Under these circumstances, Gee and I continued to advance, and a minute after there was another shot. Our horses began to tremble and snort, refusing to go on, and at last I thought we must be near the game sought.

"By Jove!" cried Guy, "look here, Sid. All those cowardly Arabs have cut their sticks."

I looked round, and, instead of being followed by a little party of armed men, to my astonishment there was not one in sight.

"Where are they?"

"Up in the trees behind us," said Guy. "Well, I don't see where the danger lies; but perhaps we had better follow their example."

I had dismounted with the intention of taking this advice, when right before us a huge lion bounded out of a thicket of lentisk trees, his skin streaked with blood—for he was wounded—and his terrible fangs disclosed in a savage snarl.

He caught sight of us, and made straight for me, whereupon I lost all presence of mind. No doubt, I ought to have awaited his advance, taken aim between the eyes, and fired at five paces off; but I must be a great coward, for I did no such thing.

"Run, Guy!" I shouted, and I dropped down behind my horse, which remained motionless, paralyzed with terror.

Then followed a few minutes of suspense, a terrific, deafening roar, a shot, and I felt a shock that extended me on the ground. I believe I was unconscious for a minute; but as soon as I recovered myself I sat up and looked around, feeling sick and giddy. Neither lion nor horse were visible. A little way off I saw two or three Arabs peering from among the branches of a tree down into the ravine. A motionless figure, face downwards on the ground, next attracted my attention, and my heart sank as I saw it was Guy. I rose staggeringly to my feet, when the Arabs signed to me energetically to follow their example. However, I would not do so without seeing how it fared with my poor friend, for I felt that if he were dead I should never forgive myself for my loss of courage. I knelt down by his side, and laid my hand on his shoulder, to turn him over.

"Guy, old fellow."

"Hallo!" he said, springing up, rather white, but apparently as whole and sound as he ever was in life. "Here, come and let's get up a tree."

We were soon ensconsed in the branches of a tree, and as soon as we were safe, he looked at me and laughed.

"That was close, wasn't it? But I say, Sid, are you hurt?"

"No, I think not," I said, rather doubtfully, for I was still confused and misty in my ideas.

I heard from Guy afterwards what had taken place during those few minutes, after I took shelter behind my horse.

He had dismounted at the same time, when the poor terrified animal snatched the reins from his grasp, and galloped off. He saw the lion appear, as if about to spring on my horse, and keeping his presence of mind far better than I had done, he took aim; but before he could fire, at one and the same instant my horse backed suddenly and threw me full length on the ground, while the lion, changing his mind, went for Guy.

He saw it in the act of springing, fired, and, missing, threw himself face downwards on the earth, when the animal went quite over him, was greeted with shots from the surrounding trees, and again took refuge in the ravine.

Not feeling sure that the creature was not still at hand, waiting for any sign of life on his part, Guy lay still till I touched him.

It was some time before any one would venture to go and explore in search of the lion, though we knew the poor wretch must be either dead or dying, considering the way he had been used.

At last Guy slipped to the ground, and hastily loaded his gun.

"I'm going," he said; "come along, Sid. We'll go alone if everyone else is afraid."

In an instant our host joined us, and he was soon followed by a number of others. We found the noble beast lying quite dead at the bottom of the ravine.

The chief presented Guy with the skin, as a token of his admiration of his courage, when we parted from him, with many expressions of regret, a week later.

THE SNAKE STONE.—An eminent English traveler writes: On one occasion a friend of mine was riding, with some other civil officers, along a jungle path in a district of Ceylon, when they saw one of two Tamils, who were approaching them, suddenly dart into the forest, and return holding in both hands a cobra de capello which he had seized by the head and tail. He called to his companion for assistance to place it in their covered basket, but in doing this he handled it so inexpertly that it seized him by the finger, and retained its hold for a few seconds, as if unable to unfasten its fangs. The blood flowed, and intense pain appeared to follow almost immediately; but, with all expedition, the friend of the sufferer undid his waist cloth, and took from it two snake stones, each about the size of a small almond, intensely black and highly polished, though of an extremely light substance. These he applied one to each wound inflicted by the teeth of the serpent, to which the stones attached themselves closely, the blood that flowed from the wounds being rapidly imbibed by the porous texture of the article applied. The stones adhered tenaciously for three or four minutes, the wounded man's companion in the meanwhile rubbing his arm downwards from the shoulder towards the fingers. At length the snake stones dropped off of their own accord; the suffering appeared to have subsided; he twisted his fingers till the joints cracked, and went on his way without concern. Whilst this had been going on, another Indian of the party who had come up took from his bag a small piece of white wood, which resembled a root, and passed it gently near the head of the cobra, which the latter immediately inclined close to the ground; he then lifted the snake without hesitation, and coiled it into a circle at the bottom of his basket. The root by which he professed to be enabled to perform this operation with safety, he called the root of the snake plant, protected by which he professed his ability to approach any reptile with impunity. In another instance a judge informed me that he saw a snake charmer in the jungle, close by the town, search for a cobra de capello; and, after disturbing it in its retreat, the man tried to secure it, but in the attempt he was bitten in the thigh till blood trickled from the wound. He instantly applied the snake stone, which adhered closely for about ten minutes during which time he passed the root, which he held in hand, backwards and forwards above the stone till the latter dropped to the ground. The gentleman obtained from him the snake stone he had relied on, and saw him repeatedly afterwards in perfect health.

INCOMBUSTIBLE WOOD.—To impregnate wood so as to render it incombustible the following is one of the best recipes: Commercial tungstate of soda, 1 lb.; phosphate of soda, ¼ lb.; water, 2 gallons; dissolve. Apply boiling hot if possible.

Scientific and Useful.

TO ETCH ON ZINC.—Heat the metal and cover it uniformly with a film of wax. Through this to the surface of the metal etch with a fine graver, then expose to dilute sulphuric acid or hydrochloric acid for a few minutes.

GLASS MILLSTONES.—The crystal glass millstones recently introduced in Germany, are said to give promise of success. Their construction appears to have originated in the fact, as observed, that French burrs produce the best results when they have the closest and most glossy nature, and the making of the glass millstones is pursued on the same plan adopted in the case of French burrs.

THE PROCESS OF EBONIZING.—To ebonize wood, apple, pear and walnut, if fine grained, may be treated by the following process: Boil in a glazed or enameled iron vessel with water, 4 ozs. of ground gallnuts, 1 oz. of logwood chips, and ½ oz. each of green vitriol and crystals of verdigris. Filter while warm, and brush the wood over with this repeatedly. Dry and brush over with strong cold solution of acetate of iron and dry. Repeat this several times, and finally dry in an oven at a moderate temperature, and oil or varnish.

BLASTING AGENTS.—Trials made of the improved blasting agent—woody fibre prepared with nitro glycerine—in various mines in Upper Silesia, are stated to have proved, on the whole, not unfavorable, though the action was not in all cases regular. The substance has not, as claimed by the inventor, five times the force of an equal weight of ordinary black blasting powder, and even four times was doubtful—a threefold force, however, being plainly exhibited. The advantages claimed for the new agent are less danger, as it does not explode on contact with open fire, and is by no means easily exploded by friction or concussion, and the fact that, to effect its explosion in a blast hole, the strand match may be used. The powder is very light, and in the loose state burns very slowly.

CARBOLIC ACID.—The antiseptic power of carbolic acid is so great that according to Prof. Mason, of England, the presence of one part of the acid in a thousand parts of an organic solution will check decomposition, and prevent the appearance of vibrio or fungus life for more than forty days. The peculiar difference between other disinfectants and this is, that the former deal with the effects; the latter with the causes. Moreover, carbolic acid is volatile—it meets with and destroys the germs or spordes which float in the atmosphere, and vitiate it; this cannot be said of several other disinfectants which are only by contact, and are mere deodorizers. The fact that prevention is better than cure will not, of course, be disputed; hence a substance which, like this, prevents the decomposition of organic matter, is perhaps of more value than one which checks the consequences only.

BUILDING MATERIAL.—Some foreign investigators have lately made some suggestive announcements as to the permeability to gases and vapors of various materials used for building purposes. They claim as the result of their experimental researches that, while dry bricks, sandstone, tufa, mortar and cements permit vapors to pass through them, granite, porphyry, slate, alabaster, and limestone are practically quite impermeable. It will be inferred from these statements therefore that the cementing of cellar floors, &c., or laying them with bricks and tiles, while it will doubtless considerably increase the wholesomeness of a dwelling exposed to dangerous gaseous exhalations from sewers and the like, does not afford a complete protection. Whitewash applied to a wall, though it exerts for a considerable time a purifying chemical influence, does not afford nearly so good a protection against the passage of gases and vapors as a couple of coats of oil paint, while thick glazed wall-paper reduces the permeability of mortar nearly forty per cent.

Farm and Garden.

GOOD HARNESS POLISH.—To make a good harness polish, take of mutton suet two ounces; beeswax, six ounces; powdered sugar, six ounces; lampblack, one ounce; green or yellow soap, two ounces; water, one-half pint. Dissolve the soap in the water, add the other solid ingredients mix well and add turpentine. Lay on with a sponge and polish off with a brush.

CARE OF COWS.—Cows that have access to water at all times will drink often, but little at a time, and return to their feeding. Cows deprived of a sufficient supply of water fall in milk and flesh; and when they are allowed to fall, not only in milk, but in condition also, it is almost impossible to bring them back to their proper yield of milk and condition of flesh, at least without extra expense and trouble.

THE COLORADO BEETLE.—Guinea fowls are among the most active destroyers of the Colorado beetle, a writer claiming that one guinea hen will protect an acre of potatoes. Whether or not they possess such a surprising capacity of gizzard, they certainly prey on the beetle as well as many other insect pests. They lay more eggs than any other poultry, and their eggs are unequalled for cake and other culinary purposes.

POULTRY FEED.—A farmer, who has practiced it profitably, gives the following recipe for feeding poultry: A warm mash of corn meal, seasoned with red pepper and chopped onions alternately, with occasionally a little sulphur added; a cabbage daily throughout the winter months, lukewarm water and a small plot of ground to run over. In the afternoon give them buckwheat and other grains, varying the different kinds weekly.

THE ROSE.—Concerning that most beautiful of all flowers, the rose, the *Rural New Yorker* says: "One of the first secrets of success with the rose in guarding against its several persistent insect enemies, such as the rose bug, green fly, rose slug, etc., is to keep the plant healthy and in vigorous growth. To insure this a rich soil is indispensable. Let it be composed of old decomposed sods or thoroughly rotted manure. This earth should never be permitted to bake, but should be kept friable by frequent stirring. The aphis or green fly first attacks the young tender shoots, feeding upon their juices. The pests may be killed by placing a barrel over the infested plant and burning tobacco in a flower pot or other vessel underneath. The rose slug, that green-bodied, jelly like pest, that feeds on the surface of the leaves, leaving only the veins and ribs, may be kept in severe check, if not destroyed, by dusting the plant with fine coal ashes. The rose bugs may be brushed off into a pail of water, or picked off separately by hand and destroyed.

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SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 9 1879.

THE MAN OF GENIUS.

THE true man of genius speaks to his kind like a brother. He is no singular specimen of spiritual pride. He is a creature of flesh and blood. He is not a tame image from the mould of fashion, or an effigy of buried learning but a free, cordial, and earnest man. You can roam the hills with him, or partake the cup; praise the maiden, or worship the stars. He is a human creature; only he overflows with the characteristics of humanity. To him belong in a large measure the passions and the powers of his race. He professes no exemption from the common lot. He pretends not to live on rarer elements. He expects not to be ethereal before death. He conceals not his share of frailty. Rarely and richly are mingled in him the elements of human nature. His crowning distinction is a larger soul, and this he carries into all things—to the altar of God or to the festive board—the letter of friendship or the lover's assignation. If he be a poet, he is a mythologist. He sees in ten thousand symbols in creation the multiform spirit of the universe. To him the ocean is a symbol of the world's majesty—the star of its glory—the forests of its beauty—the tempests of its strength—the mountains of its grandeur. He sets off in his career without any misgivings, any doubts, any forebodings; but, with his thoughts, the gay creatures of the elements that he breathes, insects on the wing, he careers in the balmy sunshine, postponing all thoughts of despair and failure. Engaged in his fascinating pursuit—some favorite art or science—he thinks that there can be no happiness without it—and, were it not but that he knows how different minds are differently constituted, he would wonder why all other persons do not also pursue it. He rises sun like in the firmament of mind. He enlightens his satellites. He renders himself intelligible to the commonest intellects. He has never ponderous and unwieldy faculties; but, thoughtful and meaning, he is full of ingenious ideas and striking thoughts. He has a quick penetration, and a delicate sensibility to all the light and fugitive shades of character and of sentiment. Like a subtle sorcerer, he evokes from the unfathomed abysses of feeling and reflection, thoughts and fancies, never fully panoplied in expression till clothed by him in his own strong and clear language. As every wave of the sea influences each one subsequent to it, so does every idea entering the mind influence all those afterward invading it, either modifying or calling them up.

It is not good for human nature to have the road of life made too easy. Better be under the necessity of working hard and faring meanly, than to have everything done ready to our hand, and a pillow of down to repose upon. Indeed, to start in life with comparatively small means seems so necessary a stimulous to work, that it may almost be set down as one of the conditions essential to success in life. It is a common saying at Manchester, that the men who are most successful in business there, are those who begin the world in their shirt sleeves; whereas, those who begin with fortunes, generally lose them.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE Prince Imperial's saddle, with the holsters torn away, has been brought to Chiselhurst and carefully examined. An Englishman, Lord Gerard, says that the young Frenchman was a nimble horseman, and tells how one day when riding with him in the country the Prince sprang up and stood on his saddle and thence vaulted into a tree under which they were passing.

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THE graceful use of the "cold shoulder" deserves to be ranked among the fine arts; while, on the contrary, nothing can be more ungainly than its awkward application. When a tactless man meets the object of his detestation, he looks nervously self conscious, and seems undecided whether to cut or merely slight his enemy. After blushing in a foolish manner, he gives an awkward bow, which, intended to be graceful, is in reality ludicrously clumsy. A casual observer imputes his singular behavior to shyness rather than hatred. The most successful hand at "cold shouldering" is the heartless and listless man who can put his victim completely out of his mind and forget his presence, if not his existence, as soon as he has accorded him the coldest of recognition.

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THOUGH the tropical scrubs of Australia are very luxuriant and beautiful, they are not without their dangerous drawbacks, for there is one plant growing in them that is really deadly in its effects—that is to say, deadly in the same way that one would apply the term to fire; as if a certain proportion of one's body is burnt by the stinging tree, death will be the result. It would be as safe to pass through fires as to fall into one of these trees. They are found growing from two to three inches high to ten and fifteen feet; in the old ones the stem is whitish and red berries usually grow on the top. It emits a peculiar disagreeable smell, but it is best known by its leaf, which is nearly round, having a point on the top, and is jagged all round the edge, like the nettle. All the leaves are large—some larger than a saucer.

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CAPTAIN J. B. EADS reports that the greatest depth and width of channel required by the Jetty Act at the mouth, and also at the head of South Pass, has been secured. The completion of the great work was certified to the Secretary of War by Captain M. R. Brown, of the United States Engineers, inspector of the work. The jetty channel is over thirty feet deep, and a good navigable channel of twenty six feet, measured at the lowest stage of the river, exists at the head of the passes. The benefits to commerce likely to flow from this brilliant achievement are inestimable, and Captain Eads certainly deserves the highest credit for pushing to success one of the greatest engineering feats of the day. It is truly a national work, for while New Orleans is of course largely benefited, it is of scarcely less consequence to the entire Mississippi valley, and consequently to the whole nation.

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EVERY leading London paper contains notices of the Lady Waldegrave, to an extent without precedent in the case of a lady. This is significant of the large place she held in public esteem, not merely as a social leader, but a liberal minded, benevolent woman. She was a lavish patron of art, and helped in many cases to bring to the fore strugglers worthy of notice. While living within her means, Lady Waldegrave was a free spender, maintaining four establishments, and passing a portion of the year at each. Her house in Carlton Gardens was inferior to very few in London. Besides a magnificent library on the ground floor, it contained four reception rooms on the first floor, all lavishly furnished and approached by a noble staircase. Lady Waldegrave enjoyed from her husband, Mr. Harcourt, a jointure of $20 000 a year, so that altogether her income was probably near $150 000, and her husband, Lord Carlingford, is also rich. One of her greatest friends was Lady Molesworth, who, like herself, rose from humble stock to be an arbiter elegantarium and hostess of princes.

THE want has long been felt of an efficient signal for mercantile vessels in distress—that is to say, a signal giving both sound and light, and capable of being produced without using a match and without delay. At an exhibition of signals on Woolwich Common, England, on the 9th of July, a distress signal seven inches long and two inches in diameter was shown. It is fired from a socket fixed to the bulwarks of the vessel, rises to the height of six hundred feet, bursts like a rocket and is visible for seven miles, the sound being heard thirteen miles off. "It is not unlikely," says the London *Times*, "that before long these signals will quite supersede the gun and the use of signals of distress, the former of which is very difficult to load and fire when the ship is rolling about or stranded, and the latter is still more difficult to let off under similar circumstances and send straight up or nearly so. The Chinese government has, we understand, ordered a quantity of these signals for use on board their gunboats."

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IN society one must talk about something, and a little nonsense sometimes answers a good purpose. If you read newspapers, magazines, and some new books; if you go to lectures, to church, to balls, to parties or any places of amusement such as ladies and gentlemen resort to, you will not lack for subjects of conversation. Personal gossip of an innocent nature, but which does not involve scandal, or wounded feelings, is equally, with the current events of the day, a legitimate subject of conversation. Moreover, it is always safe. While you may be well read yourself and acquainted with the current news of the day, all persons that you may be thrown in contact with may not be as well informed. To dwell on the topics with which you are familiar at the expense of others is not polite or kind. At the same time duty or politeness do not require such complete self sacrifice as to demand that you shall devote yourself to the ignorant and uninformed. A passing recognition and a few words adapted to their range of culture and thought are all that a well-bred person is required to give such people.

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THE world has altered little these twenty-five centuries. The same answer as Chilon's might yet be made to the question, "What is difficult? To keep silence upon secrets, and to dispose well of leisure, and to be able to bear unjust treatment." When Chilon saw the corpse of a miser being carried forth he said, "This fellow lived a lifeless life, and has left behind his life for others." How easy it seems, how difficult it is, to confirm in spirit, and in truth to the following maxim of Chilon:—"To the banquets of friends come slowly, but to their misfortune with speed." Chilon was evidently a man of foresight, consideration and patience. His ideal was of virtue and was a sound one; many a lofty profession of religion, if bared to its real basis, would show a less worthy range of motives. Chilon taught "To prefer punishment to disgraceful gain, for the one is painful but once, but the other is for one's whole life." "Not to laugh at a person in misfortune." "If one is strong, to be also merciful, so that one's neighbors may respect one rather than fear one." "Not to dislike divination." "To obey the laws." "To love quiet."

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METEOROLOGY is nowhere studied with greater effect than in Hindoostan. The terrible cyclones which ravage that part of the world have led the English Government to devote especial study to the subject. Forty-nine observing stations are now in full operation, and daily reports from them are now in full operation, and daily reports from them are regularly telegraphed and circulated, together with a lithographic weather chart. According to Indian meteorologists, the antecedent conditions of the cyclones are calm weather over the sea, with a barometric pressure equal, or nearly equal, around the coasts. Under these circumstances a large quantity of vapor is produced by the solar heat, and, being unable to escape, is again condensed, and liberates a great amount of latent heat over the place of its production. The replacement of cooler by warmer air induces a local diminution of atmospheric pressure, and this causes a violent indraught of air, in which cyclonic circulation is developed by the earth's rotation. It is believed that the observations now being made will lead to telegraphic communications and warnings of cyclonic approaches days in advance, which will result in greater protection and safety in many cases.

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SOME persons seem determined to make money after they are dead, or at least afford their survivors the means of doing so. One old man left a bequest to a city parish on on condition that the church bells should ring a merry peal once a year, but there was a dark side to this picture, for the peal was to be rung on the anniversary of his wedding day. An advocate of Padua in the sixteen century directed that none of his relatives should shed tears at his funeral; singers and musicians should be engaged to supply the place of mourners; fifty of them were to walk with the priest before the coffin, each receiving half a ducat as a fee; twelve maidens in green habits were to carry the coffin to the church, singing cheerful songs as they went; lastly, all the clergy of Padua, and all the monks except those who wore black hoods, were to be invited to follow. Every man to receive an honorarium. A Frenchman who died about half a century ago, had some time before left instructions concerning the mode in which his obsequies were to be observed. All the musicians of the town were to be invited to attend and play dancing and hunting tunes during the procession; his house and church were to be decorated in the liveliest way possible, and (but this must have been a very difficult point to settle) his property was to go to the relative who laughed the most joyfully on the occasion.

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AERONAUTICAL societies appear to grow in number, and to talk more seriously and hopefully about aerostation. At a recent meeting of the Society of London, Mr. J. Glaisher, F. R. S., presiding, a number of very interesting papers were read, and the members glowed with enthusiasm. A paper that was read by the "Hon. Sec." of the society afforded no little information with regard to the progress that has lately been made in this branch of science. He stated that in his opinion "the most important thing the society had to solve was whether a weight equal to that of a man and the additional power necessary to propel him could be sustained by any material which man could procure light enough and strong enough." He had the greatest confidence that one day this problem would be brought to a successful solution. Dedalus entertained this same opinion a great many years ago, but he incautiously flew too near the sun, and melting the wax on his wings performed a disastrous descent into the sea. The Honorary Secretary of the society has not gone so far as the Cretan artist did, for we read: "At the conclusion of his paper Mr. Brearly exhibited the actions of two flying machines made by him, both of which flew some dozen yards across the hall, and then fell to the ground." This epitomises the whole business, and is fairly characteristic of what has been attained in aerostation so far.

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THE population, floating or permanent, of every arrondisement or ward in Paris, is counted officially every month. Be your abode at hotel, boarding house or private residence, within forty eight hours you are required to sign a register, giving your name, age, occupation and former residence. This, within the period mentioned, is copied by an official ever traveling from house to house with the big blue book under his arm. The register gives, also, the leading characteristics of your personal appearance. Penalty attaches itself to host or landlord who fails to get and give to the official such registration of his guests. There are no unmarked skulking holes in Paris. Every house, every room is known, and under police surveillance. Every stranger is known and described at police headquarters within a few days of his arrival. Once within the walls of Paris, and historically, so to speak, your identity is always there. In case of injury to any person the sufferer is not dependent on the nearest drug store for a temporary hospital, as with us. In every arrondisement may be seen the prominent sign, "Assistance for the Wounded or the Asphyxiated or Poisoned." Above always hangs the official tri color. I say "official" because a certain slender prolongation of the flagstaff denotes that the establishment is under government supervision, and no private party may adopt this fashion.

COME BACK TO ME.

BY P. O.

Come back to me, beloved, my heart keeps calling out;
Come back and take me once more within your arms;
You cannot know how lonely I am your love without,
And life is dark with shadow, and full of strange alarms.

Come back, come back, my darling, I dream of you at night,
And feel your arms about me, my head upon your breast,
And I forgot the shadows, and all of life's affright,
And, oh, in those swift moments what thoughts are mine of rest!

And then I waken, finding 'twas nothing but a dream,
And swift tears rise and blind me, until I no [illegible]
Your picture smiling at me, although the moonlight's gleam
Breaks through my window's lattice and silvers all the lea.

Come back to me, beloved! I miss your kiss so much,
The mellow music of your voice, the sight of your dear face.
My heart would thrill with heaven if I could feel the touch
Of your dear hand, or see you here in this, your vacant place.

In vain I call you, darling. You never can come back,
I know not if you hear me, your slumber is so sweet;
And I must journey onward, alone, along life's track
And dream of that glad moment, dear heart, when we shall meet.

St. Andrew's Bell.

BY G. H. H.

IT was a lovely summer evening, as two young people were walking along the Marine Parade at Speadings, a sea-side town on the Sussex coast. Maud Mason was a beautiful girl, just budding into womanhood, with brown hair, hazel eyes, pure complexion, and white teeth, all of which perfections she had promised to surrender to her companion, Frank Hilton, at a not very distant date.

They had been walking along in silence as lovers will do sometimes, when Maud spoke.

"Frank," said she, "what is the matter with you?" You look vexed about something."

"Nothing much, dear," answered Frank Hilton.

"But what is it, Frank? I know there's something the matter."

"Oh, it's not worth speaking about," replied Frank. "Let us change the subject. How beautiful the moon is to-night!"

"But I won't change the subject, and I insist upon knowing what the matter is!" persisted Maud. "You promised that you would never have a secret from me."

"Well, if you will have it, Maud, it's just this!" exclaimed Hilton, rather vehemently. "I'm awfully put out with the manner in which you have been carrying on with that curate fellow!"

"Oh, what nonsense, Frank!" answered Maud.

"But it isn't nonsense, my darling; and I wish you could see the matter in its proper light—that is, the light that I and everybody else must view it in. A few months ago I thought you loved me and we were engaged, but now I can hardly have ten minutes' conversation with you during the day. If you are not at service, you are making slippers or braces for the parson, or decorations for the church, all day long, and I don't like it!"

"Surely, Frank, you are not jealous of Mr. Cope?"

"I am not jealous of him, Maud; but I do not think any young lady who is engaged should devote so much of her time and attention to another man, even if the other does happen to be a clergyman."

"Indeed, Mr. Hilton!" exclaimed Maud, elevating her eyebrows. "And have you any more of your opinions to favor me with this evening?"

"For Heaven's sake, Maud, do not take what I have said in a wrong sense! Remember that it is my great love for you that has caused me to speak!"

"Thank you, Mr. Hilton!" replied Maud, sarcastically. "Believe me, I am deeply grateful for your disinterested kindness; but, at the same time, allow me to remind you that, although we are engaged, you are not my husband yet, and, therefore, have no right whatever to speak to me in the manner you have just done. I will wish you good evening, sir, and will not trouble you to see me home."

And the haughty little beauty marched off with pride in her face and pain in her heart.

She had scarcely left her companion when a church bell commenced ringing.

It was that of St. Andrew, the church presided over by Mr. Cope, the gentleman respecting whom Hilton had been speaking.

No sooner did Maud hear it than a spirit of perversity, which we fear most young ladies will understand but too well, seized her, and she determined to proceed thither instead of returning home.

When, however, she had reached her accustomed seat, the reaction set in, and she indulged in a thoroughly good cry.

Fortunately there were not many people present, and Maud's seat being in one of the side aisles, her emotion was not much noticed.

One person had observed it, however, and had determined to take advantage of it, and turn it into his own ends; and this was the Reverend Mr. Alban Cope, the officiating clergyman.

The service was concluded; and Maud, having dried her eyes, left the church, wondering whether Frank had forgiven her yet, and whether he would be outside to meet her.

For, it must be understood, that, in spite of her angry words, Maud was very fond of Frank, and the conduct he had complained of had been caused more by want of thought and occupation than any feeling on her part towards Mr. Cope.

Maud had arrived at the bottom of the steps, and was just looking round, hoping to perceive a well known form, when she felt herself gently touched upon the shoulder.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Mason," exclaimed a mellifluous and silvery-toned voice; "but, perceiving that you were in trouble, I determined upon using my prerogative, and offering you consolation."

The young clergyman was a very handsome man.

If any fault could be found, it was that he was too handsome. That is to say, his features were strikingly regular; but young ladies seldom trouble themselves to analyze so deeply as this, and Maud was no exception to the rule.

"Thank you, Mr. Cope," replied Maud. "I was suffering from a severe headache, but am better now."

The little story-teller! If she had said heartache, it would have been nearer the truth.

"And might I inquire, Miss Mason," continued Mr. Cope, as he walked along by her side, "whether the consequence of a headache is usually a flood of tears?"

And he bent his piercing eyes full upon her as he spoke.

Maud was about to reply, when she suddenly noticed Frank Hilton hurrying towards her.

At the same moment Frank saw her, and perceived the man he deemed his rival was with her.

One moment, during which he gave her a glance expressive of such genuine agony that Maud saw it in her mind's eye for many a day, and, turning on his heel, was gone.

"Yes — no — that is — oh, dear, how unhappy I am!" And Maud was very nearly crying again.

"I am much afraid, Miss Mason, that something more serious than a headache has caused you this unhappiness," urged Alban Cope. "Am I not right?"

"Yes, you are right," replied Maud; then adding, plaintively: "But please don't tease me, for I feel so miserable."

"I have no desire to tease you, Miss Mason, I can assure you," responded Cope, suavely. "I may compare myself to a surgeon who probes the wound in order that he may the sooner heal it."

"But, Really, Mr Cope, I don't want my wound probed, as you term it; I would much rather it were left alone."

By this time they had arrived at the house where Maud dwelt with her mother. Mrs. Mason happened to open the door, and, recognising Mr. Cope, immediately invited him to enter and rest himself.

Mrs. Mason was a widow, and when she lost her husband, seemed to have lost everything—her stream of life was dried up, and all the milk of human kindness she had ever possessed had gone with it.

She only thought or talked of three things—herself and her misery in this world, and her husband in the other.

Mr. Cope was a clever young man, and soon discovered the peculiarities of the old lady, so that falling into her style of conversation—"vale of tears—only for a time—soon be reunited with the dear departed one," &c., &c.—he had succeeded in obtaining an invitation to supper by the time Maud had taken her bonnet off. This was Alban Cope's opportunity, and he determined to make the most of it.

Music was Maud's weak point, and, in talking upon this subject, Cope was at home. He was not only acquainted with the theory and practice of it, but was also a ready and fluent speaker; and, exerting himself to the utmost, he succeeded in engaging Maud's attention, until, at length, almost against her will, she found that she was thinking more of the present Alban than of the absent Frank.

As Cope was taking his leave, he observed, "Your daughter was slightly indisposed during service this evening, Mrs. Mason: so I will do myself the pleasure of calling to-morrow, and inquire how she is."

"Do, Mr. Cope, do!" sighed the old lady. "For we are here to day and gone to-morrow—cut down as the grass of the field; and by the time she is my age—if she lives so long—she will know what dust and ashes the world is, how hollow and deceitful are its enjoyments and its pleasures, and the misery of losing our best ——"

Here, as usual, Mrs. Mason broke down, and finished off with a plentiful supply of sobs and an unlimited display of pocket-handkerchief.

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As Frank Hilton took his way home that evening, he railed at women and parsons wholesale, and then began to think that he was a little to blame himself, and that certain excuses ought to be made for Maud.

By the time he had walked himself into this most amiable frame of mind he arrived at his lodgings.

As he was entering, his landlady handed him a telegram, saying, "This came for you about an hour ago, sir."

Tearing open the envelope, Frank read as follows:

"Come up to town at once. Most important business. Must see you at once. Don't fail. Come by next train."

It had been despatched from his solicitors, and Frank knew that it must be something important; therefore, determined to go to London by the mail train, which would leave in about half an hour.

Hurriedly pushing a few things into a carpet bag, he ordered a fly, and then sat down and wrote:

"My own Darling,—

"I fear I spoke hastily this evening; but you must forgive me, as it was all caused by love. I have just received a telegram from my lawyers requiring my immediate presence in London. I leave here in ten minutes' time, but shall return as soon as possible. Believe me, my own darling, with lots of kisses,

"Ever your own loving
"Frank."

Just as he finished, he heard the fly rattle up to the door. Hastily pressing the note into an envelope, he hurried out into the hall; and, as he moistened the gum, and fastened it down, said, "Good bye, Mrs. Brigge; I don't suppose I shall be away longer than one or two days at the most. Will you kindly post this note for me? Thanks!" And, jumping into the fly, was driven to the station.

"Dear, dear! how people does run about now a days, to be sure!" soliloquized the old woman. "There, he thought no more of goin' up to Lunnon than—than nothin! I wonder who he's writ to? Well, I never! —if he ain't been and forgot to direct it! There's the fruits of all this hurrying and scurrying, and nothin' don't get properly done, after all! Well, well! I dessay it don't matter much, so I'll put it up on my chimbley-peece agin' he comes back."

And the love-letter that would have saved so much misery to two loving hearts was accordingly put to rest on the landlady's mantelpiece.

The following morning, when Mr. Cope called upon the Masons, he discovered Maud alone, as Mrs. Mason was in the habit of having her breakfast in bed, and did not descend until the wicked world was properly aired, and made comfortable for her.

"Good morning, Miss Mason!" exclaimed Cope, in deeply sympathetic tones, as he retained her hand in his a moment. "I fear I am the messenger of evil tidings."

Maud grew pale.

"Nothing has happened to Fra—that is, I trust no accident has happened to Mr. Hilton?"

"I am much grieved to be the bearer of such news, I can assure you, Miss Mason. Not that it is altogether unexpected; but the fact is that Frank Hilton has left Speadings, and will return no more. Eh? By St. Andrew, she has fainted!"

Such was the fact; but a vigorous application to the bell-handle speedily brought assistance.

As soon as Maud was safe under the charge of a couple of servants, who were administering all the usual remedies in quick succession, Cope took his departure, perfectly satisfied with the success of his little fiction. In the afternoon he called again, and scarcely recognised Maud, so much had she altered in manner and appearance.

The next day Mr. Cope called again, and on this occasion enjoyed a *tete a tete* with Mrs. Mason, during which he satisfied the old lady so well of how beneficial it would be to have a clergyman belong to the family, that when, at the close of the conversation, he asked her permission to pay his addresses to her daughter, she at once consented, and even volunteered to assist his cause by laying her command upon the silly child, who was making such a fuss over the loss of a worthless fellow, instead of bearing her cross like a woman.

"If she had suffered from such a loss as mine, now, she might have grieved. Ah well!—ah, well!—this is but a vale of tears."

Immediately after this success, Mr. Cope took brevet rank, and skilfully reported himself engaged to Miss Mason, taking care to do so in such quarters that the news would be sure to reach Frank Hilton immediately upon his return.

In the evening, Cope gently broached the subject of his affections, and of having Mrs. Mason's authority for speaking on the subject. Maud was too listless even to say him nay, and so the strange courtship went on day after day.

About the fourth day after he had first spoken on the subject, when he called in the afternoon, Mrs. Mason met him in the hall, and handing him a piece of paper, observed, "This arrived for Maud just now, but as you are her engaged lover, I thought it better that it should pass through your hands."

And, with a significant glance, she walked away.

Tearing open the epistle, Cope read, with a calm smile of triumph:

"Miss Mason,—

"I hear that you are engaged to that fellow Cope. Write to me at once and contradict it, or I shall go mad! Say that it is false, and relieve the disturbed mind of your own loving

"Frank."

Taking out a pocket-book, Cope placed the note carefully inside, and then put the book away again, muttering to himself, "It is just as well that it came in my hands instead of hers, or it might have made things unpleasant. However, it shows me that I must hasten matters, or I shall lose my charming Maud and her thirty thousand pounds!"

The following day Mr. Cope insisted upon Maud coming out for a walk. Maud objected at first, and then obeyed, because yielding was easier than resisting.

But it was all done in such a listless manner that it would have made anyone's heart ache if anybody had happened to be near with a heart; but the only person who observed it was Cope, and he was certainly heartless.

Frank Hilton had been back from town a fortnight.

He had written two or three times, had endeavored to see Maud, but had been refused; had even gone to St. Andrew's Church, in the hope to see her; but all in vain, and Frank was on the verge of desperation.

One day, having been unable to sleep all night, he determined on a long walk, and, filling his pipe, strode away, desiring only to out-distance his thoughts.

But this was impossible, and, after many hours of walking, he returned towards the town as miserable as when he had started. He had become somewhat footsore, however, and noticing a soft bed of ferns, threw himself down upon it in order to rest himself.

Then all at once, what with the hum of insects, the odour of the fern, and the fatigue of the walk, Frank Hilton went off to sleep.

From that slumber, which, whether it had been long or short he knew not, he was awakened by hearing his own name mentioned.

"Frank Hilton is a scoundrel!"

And Frank recognised the voice as that of Mr. Cope.

Then there came a reply, in tones he knew and loved so well.

"I'll not believe it, though he has used me badly. But for all that, and in spite of all that you can say, I love him still!"

"But remember, Maud, that Hilton does not love you, and that I do; and further that your mother desires that you should become my wife."

"But I can never love you, Mr. Cope!"

"Never mind that, at present. That will come after marriage, and I shall be content to wait. So say that you consent."

Maud sighed deeply.

"I have nothing now in life worth living for so may as well make you and my mother happy, by sacrificing the short time I have left; for I feel I am not long for this world."

"Very good. Be sure you will have your reward. Now I have taken a strange fancy into my head not to be married in Speadings, but to have the ceremony performed at Wells, which, as you know, is only a few miles inland. The fact is, I do not wish to create an excitement with crowds of people, which, of course, would be as disagreeable for you as for me; so my idea is this. Unfortunately, I shall not be able to fetch you from home, as I shall have to drive over and get the license; so you must walk as far as the top of Belmont Hill, and meet me there, when St. Andrew's bell begins to toll for service."

"Yes," agreed Maud listlessly.

"Now, you must not forget to-morrow morning, when St. Andrew's commences to toll, at the top of Belmont Hill. And I thought it would be better not to agitate your mother, so have not mentioned the matter to her, neither need you."

And then the victim and the destroyer, the pigeon and the hawk, the humming-bird and the snake, moved away.

Frank Hilton rose to his feet.

Shaking his fist in the direction of the retreating clergyman, he exclaimed, "Villain, I have you now!"

The evening came on dark and cloudy, there was no moon, the stars were invisible, while a steady rain kept at home those of the inhabitants of the little town who

might otherwise have been taking their walks abroad.

The clock at the Town Hall struck twelve, as Frank Hilton approached St. Andrew's Church.

He looked cautiously round him, but not a soul was within sight: even the constable was within shelter, no doubt for the protection of the uniform he wore.

Frank now slowly raised himself upon the sill of the vestry window.

A pane of glass was quickly broken, the latch pushed back, and the window opened.

Entering, Frank passed through the receptacle for surplices, and walked up the centre aisle of the church.

In two minutes he had gained the entrance hall under the small steeple, where depended the greasy and well-worn rope attached to St. Andrew's bell.

Producing a dark lantern from his pocket, Frank began looking round, and, making his points, then went to work.

With the aid of a rush chair, he gained a ledge running along the top of a wainscoting about ten feet from the ground; thence he made a jump to a small iron bolt, and, holding on with one hand, lifted himself up until he could reach some ornamental fret work; after which his ascent was comparatively easy, and in a few minutes he succeeded in climbing to the top of the tower, where the bell was hanging.

Keeping himself firmly in position, by twisting his leg round an iron rafter, Frank drew forth a large clasp knife and proceeded to cut the bell rope close to the top.

Having succeeded in effecting this, he next tied the disconnected rope to a portion of the ironwork which supported the bell, and then descended the rope, and arrived safely from whence he he had started.

"Now, Mr Alban Cope," muttered Hilton, "if you don't keep your appointment until St Andrew's bell tolls, I'm afraid you will be late."

Upon arriving home that evening, Maud had attempted to confide in her mother.

"Mother dear," she began, "I want to ask your advice, as I fear Mr. Cope is endeavoring to persuade me to do that which is wrong."

"For goodness sake, child, don't bother me!" replied Mrs. Mason. "You certainly are most intensely selfish; you know what little comfort I have left in this vale of tears, and yet just when I am quiet for a few minutes in the evening, you come and worry me with your absurdities! Do whatever Mr. Cope tells you: such a clever and disinterested young man would never advise you to do anything that was not right."

The next morning Maud started out after breakfast to keep her appointment.

When she arrived at the top of Belmont Hill, there was no one in sight, and St. Andrews bell had not yet commenced tolling; so, thinking that she was too early, she sat down upon a stile to wait, and to reflect on her unhappy fate.

"O, Frank!" she exclaimed, half aloud, "how could you treat me so cruelly? And I always thought that you truly loved me!"

"So I did, my darling!" replied the well known voice of her lover; "and so I do still; and never by thought, word, or deed have I done aught to forfeit your dear love!"

"Oh, Frank, is this true? Why, then, did you go away and leave me?—why did you not write?"

"I have written, Maud, and have sought to see you time after time, but was always told that you had left orders that you did not wish to see Mr. Hilton."

After this ensued an explanation, and, before many minutes, they were both convinced of the treacherous and deceitful part Cope had played.

"Then you do really love me, Frank, in spite of all the pain and misery I have unintentionally caused you?"

Better than ever, if that be possible. But, hark! I hear a carriage approaching. This is most likely the villain himself. If he sees me he will most likely turn back, so I will glide again behind the hedge till he has dismounted."

In another minute Cope drove up, and reining in his horse across the road, descended, saying, "I am afraid I have kept you waiting, but it has not been my fault. For some unaccountable reason, St. Andrew's bell has not rung this morning, and I did not discover how late it was till five minutes ago. However, are you ready?"

"Not ready to marry you!" cried Frank, as, leaping across the stile he placed himself in front of the trembling girl.

"What do you mean, sir?" shouted the astonished and disappointed suitor; "and what are you doing here?"

"I mean just what I have said, Alban Cope," answered Hilton, coolly; "and am here to protect my future wife against such a highly improper person as yourself."

"Your future wife? She has promised to become mine, and I claim the fulfilment to her word."

"A promise obtained by fraud and trickery has no weight," replied Frank.

A fly had been slowly creeping up the hill, and, upon arriving at the top, the driver had been compelled to pull up in consequence of Cope's trap being in the way.

"Respect the cloth, sir, and stand on one side!" roared Cope, in an ungovernable fury.

"It is only the cloth your wear that has protected you from a sound thrashing," answered Frank. "But don't presume too much even upon that. Keep back!"

"Move on one side, scoundrel!" exclaimed Cope, advancing. "Miss Mason has promised to be mine, and I claim my wife, and must and will have her."

"And so you shall, dear Alban," said a soft voice; "for here she is!"

And the lady who had driven up in the fly approached, and laid her hand upon the young clergyman's shoulder.

Alban Cope gave one look at her, and then, turning the color of cream cheese, staggered back to his trap.

He had been married while still at college, but, owing to his extravagant and selfish disposition, it was soon necessary to arrange a separation, and the real Mr. Cope chanced to be a visitor at Speadings at the time that her husband was speculating a second time in the market.

The disappointed man left the town that evening, and the next time St. Andrew's bell rang out was on the occasion of Maud Mason's marriage to Frank Hilton.

The Beacon-Light.

BY H. C.

IT is a Saturday twilight: the glass is falling fast, and the wind is rising rapidly. I am fond of the sea at all times, but my favorite visiting hours are those when I can watch it in its fury. I accost a stray mariner.

"A nasty night outside," I say hesitatingly.

"You may say that," he replied gruffly. "It'll blow hard thereaway afore long."

"Gale up from S. S. W.," I venture to predict.

"You're right. We'll have many good hands at the pumps afore night, mate;" and the speaker walked away.

A long reef of rock here runs out towards a low lying point. Beyond this point, around which the waves were now beginning to dash and swirl in their tremendous play, was a lighthouse. It looked some distance from the land, and was further than it looked. Almost every wave sent a cloud of spray over the lantern.

The appearance of the sea was even grander than I had ever seen it and I hurried nearer to the beach. There, under the lee of a lugger, stood a knot of experienced fisher folk: in silence I joined them. They acknowledged my presence by a nod. All were intent upon a particular point seaward. My neighbor bent his head down as I signified to speak to him, and making a trumpet of my hands close to his ear, I managed to ask what was the matter.

He pointed silently into the gloom.

"What will happen?" I yelled.

"There's death and sorrow in that sight," he screamed. "Don't you see that the beacon is not lighted to-night? There must be a reason for that—and no signal either."

It was true; but I had not noticed the absence of the beacon-light. Yet, as I now gazed steadily in the direction indicated, I could just perceive the outline of the lighthouse thrown out in greater relief by the foaming surges that boiled around it and leaped triumphantly over the top. But why was the beacon dark? What could be done in the emergency?

How to solve this mystery and prevent mischief was the object for which the little knot of picked men had assembled, as a forlorn hope, under the lee of the lugger—the Preserver.

* * * * *

When I returned to my inn I saw a young woman with a baby and a lot of luggage sitting in one corner. They had the appearance of having traveled some distance. She was conversing like an old acquaintance with the good woman of the house.

I entered the room, and joined in the conversation, which naturally turned upon the storm, but I remarked that neither of the women, nor any of the chance visitors who looked in, and who all appeared to be acquainted with the woman, made any reference to the beacon, and I noticed further that the landlady took particular care to prevent the young woman leaving the house, and at length succeeded in dispatching her to her bed room, with her baby.

"You'll excuse me, I hope, sir, but I am glad you didn't say anything about the beacon before her. Her husband is in the lighthouse. His time is up to-morrow, and she has come to meet him — poor thing!"

"Then you fear something serious?" I said.

"Indeed I do," she replied. "Reuben Tyrellan is not the man—I have known him, man and boy, for thirty-seven years come Christmas tide—to let out that light such weather as this, nor his mate neither."

"Perhaps he has got no oil," I suggested.

The woman shook her head. "They would have signalled if they wanted oil; and yesterday it burned all right enough, but no boat could live in the sea we have had here for the last fortnight, so signalling would be no use after all."

Her speech was interrupted at this point by the arrival of several men some of whom I had encountered on the beach. The leader saluted me as he entered, and the other touched their hats in recognition.

"How's Reuben's young missus?" asked the leader or "elder" as I heard him called.

"Finely—up stairs," replied the woman. "I've told her nothing yet."

The elder advancing to the table addressed his men.—"Mates, we're met here to deliberate, and have no time to lose. We must go out to the beacon, it is our duty, mates, our bounden duty. I ask no man to venture his life without he likes. I want volunteers to go with me of their free will. Now, who will go with me?"

Nine sturdy arms of the nine sturdy fishermen were simultaneously upheld. There was a pause; they dropped again.

"Your hands upon it, mates," the elder said at last. "Let's shake hands all round once again."

They all joined hand hands in true sailor fashion. For my very existence I could not help clasping the elder's horny palm, and got a squeeze in return, which numbed me for five minutes.

"Why, sir, you ain't of our sort!" he exclaimed.

"Not a sailor," I replied; "but I can respect your motives, and am willing to do all I can to assist you, for humanity's sake and for love of the sea."

"I'll pound it the gentleman will be as good as his word," said one of them.

"Ay, ay, that he will Jan," said another, as he shook hands with me.

"I'll do my best," I replied. "And now a glass round to keep out the wet, and then to business."

Sparingly they partook of the spirits to my health and to combined success. This ceremony over, we turned out again into the night.

We walked down towards the little creek under the shelter of the point, discussing matters as we went. Scarce had we set foot upon the causeway when from the offing a shot was heard—a pistol shot. A ship! A signal!

Ere we could make up our minds whence it came the sight of a flash, and in a few seconds the "flat" sound of the report on our ears, told us whence the shots came from.

"From the beacon," cried the elder. "Hurry down, lads." He himself stopped short, and gazed earnestly through his faithful telescope, which never left his side.

Meantime, we hastened down the slippery path, full of anxious fear for we knew not what. In a few moments the boat was ready to run out, her crew standing knee deep in the surf, which frothed around her keel and tossed her stern disdainfully. Here comes the elder. Stand by! He is in a very excited state, and shouts something. We cannot hear what he says, and stand irresolute. He reaches us, and jumps into the boat.

"Shove off—for your lives, shove off! Some one has fallen, or been thrown, from the beacon into the sea, and is swimming in on the tide!"

We needed no further inducement. With a hearty shove "all together," the broad boat grated on the sand. A curling wave came thundering in, unbroken yet. Hurrah! Over the sparkling crest the boat is lifted; four sturdy rowers bend to their work; the boat is launched, and we who help to send them off stand dripping on the shingle like water-dogs.

The sea was smoother now, as the wind and tide were in the same direction, and the swimmer, for we were assured that it was a human figure, was carried along rapidly. Yet he struggled for the boat, and the boat pulled manfully against wind and tide to save him.

We saw it pass before him. He was hidden from our anxious gaze, but in a few moments a cheer was borne to us over the sea, and we knew the man was safe on board.

The excitement had by this time extended to most of the inhabitants of the village, and men, women, and young children came down to the point to hear the news, and see what the elder was about on such a night on the water. Among the new comers, to my distress, I recognised Mrs. Tyrellan.

The boat approached nearer and nearer. We could see the form of the rescued man lying down each time the boat lifted on the waves. Borne upon each combing billow, the boat rushed onward, then seemed to retrograde, till the next roller carried it foaming forward on the beach.

Then, as the boat heels over, the brave crew stoop down and lift from 'neath the thwarts a supine form. He is alive and conscious, but is very weak. Suddenly a piercing scream rings out, and Mrs. Tyrellan clasps her husband in her arms.

So soon as they can gently put the loving wife aside, the crew, still bearing their half conscious comrade, ascend to the village inn. There preparations had been made already, and in a short time Reuben Tyrellan was sufficiently recovered to give an account of his apparently reckless swim, and the cause of it.

"Ye see," began Reuben, "we haven't been able to get any tidings of ye, these gales, and I couldn't tell you what had happened. Fact is, Tom's in a fever, and quite off his head, poor chap. He's been nigh death for two days; but until yesterday we went along well enough. I tended to him and the beacon, and hoped for a lull, so that I could signal you out, for I knew no boat could live in such a sea. As I say, till yesterday all was well; but then Tom got wild rather, and kept muttering about the beacon, and whenever I went near him he got so savage that I was afraid of my life of him. His old wound in the head made him worse, and when my back was turned, he got up, put the two pistols in a belt round his waist, and mounted guard in his shirt at the light chamber door. He swore it was the magazine under his charge, and no one should enter. I did all I could to humor him, but he wouldn't let me go in, and how could I light the beacon? All the evening he has been like that, pacing up and down, and at last he laid down before the door. Thinking he was asleep, I stepped over him; but he jumped up and seized me. His fever gave him tremendous power. We had an awful struggle. At length I got away and darted into the gallery. He followed me, and it was then he fired the pistol, and only just missed me. I pretended to be hit, and he turned away as Punch at what he had done; when, seeing his back turned, I got up. He managed to discover me, though, and turned and fired again. He then aimed at me with his cutlass. This was more than I could bear; I couldn't injure him, and he would surely kill me. In a second I decided, and vaulted over the gallery into the sea. I was sure you would hear the shots, and come out at any risk, so I swam on the tide for very life, and you may believe I was not sorry to see your boat. God bless you for that! Now some of you go out and bring in poor Tom; he'll be quiet perhaps, as I have gone. That's why the beacon was not lighted."

Reuben fell back exhausted, and expressed a wish to be left alone. So we all, except his wife, came out, and immediately prepared a second expedition to the beacon.

A messenger had been dispatched to the doctor, so as to lose no time, and seven of us, including myself, pulled out to the lighthouse. Here, lying in the spray and exposed to the night wind, lay poor Tom, utterly exhausted now, and helpless as a child. Wrapping him up well, we carefully took him ashore. Next day and the next he was in a critical state; but he rallied, and before I left, on the Saturday, was out of danger, and I had the happiness to see both men recover and Reuben rewarded before I left the village.

FANCIES REGARDING THE BEARD.—Mr Darwin, in his "Descent of Man," inclines to the belief that the beard was originally ornamental. Ladies liked a bearded man; he was popular in primitive society, could select the fairest fair, his offspring resembled him, and so on, according to the popular statements of this theory of selection. If this view be true, it must be admitted that women soon changed their minds. "There is no wife for a bearded man," says the Maori proverb. The Northmen who settled in Iceland were entirely of the opposite way of thinking, and the only reproach that his foes brought against Nial was his lack of a beard. The Egyptians, as a rule, were clean shaven, especially the priests, "and for this they gave a certain sacred reason," which imitating Herodotus, we "do not think it lawful to divulge." The neighboring Libyans, on the other hand, were bearded, and the Northern maritime enemies of the Egyptians probably the early Greeks, wore rather thin, yellow beards. Yet out of shaven Egypt the Israelites carried beards, which they highly respected. To cut an envoy's beard was a gross insult, and he was obliged to tarry somewhere till his beard was grown. Friends might gently touch the beard in a reverential sort of way, and thus Joab took hold of that of Amasa and ran him through the body with his sword. The Assyrian kings wore enormous beards, in many curled tiers or stories, and we have an impression that some Orientals carried their beards in a box. Dr. Doran, in writing on the beard, gravely maintains that the early Greeks were shaven, and that they called all bearded and alien races "barbarous," connecting the word with barba, a "beard." But Homer's Greeks, we know, wore their beards, and the races recognized as Greek on the Egyptian monuments are sometimes bearded.

Professor Bercke, of Marburg, Germany, after measuring 970 human hearts, says that the growth of that organ is greatest in the first and second years of life. At the end of the second year it is doubled in size, and during the next five years is again doubled. Then its growth is much slower, though from the fifteenth to the twentieth year its size increases by two thirds. A very slight growth is then observed up to fifty, when it gradually diminishes. Except in childhood, men's hearts are decidedly larger than those of women.

A DREAM.

BY R. O.

I had a dream—'twas passing sweet!
I saw two crystal fountains meet;
Around their banks sweet wild flowers grew,
And trees waved there of verdant hue;
The sunny spot seemed all too fair—
I could have dwelt forever there!
I turned and saw an angel form—
Her hand grasped mine with pressure warm!
I asked her if the streams were pure,
Or if they glistened to allure!
'Twas thus she spoke—her voice was clear,
And fell like music on my ear:
"The pearly stream that brightest flows,
Is Faith, from whence Submission flows!
And where the crystal fountains meet,
The waters there are doubly sweet!
Or if thy brow should throb with pain,
Drink from that fount, and health obtain!"
She smiled, and vanished from my sight.
I watched her angel form of light,
Until a cloud of azure hue
Concealed the seraph from my view!
The dream was o'er—but if my life
Could be as free from care and strife,
As when in my enraptured dream
I stood beside that crystal stream,
I'd ask no purer gift from heaven,
That God could give, or e'er has given!

Madame's Little Plot.

BY G. F. M.

TRULY we were a disorderly crew though Discipline arrived very soon in the shape of Madame de Saussaye, our new French governess. She was very small and slim, with a clear sallow complexion, piercing dark eyes, and a neat, trim little figure. Mother was charmed with her.

I do not know how she managed it, but at the end of a week the school room was a transformed place, and we altered children. Order, method, and punctuality reigned in the place of confusion and untidiness, and the most extraordinary part of it was that the children liked the sway that deprived them of so much they had once held so dear. I alone refused to join in the universal worship of Madame, which was shared equally by the servants and by my brothers and sisters. Yet to me she was specially gracious, and went so far as to confide to me some of her sad story, which had driven her to England. Mother had already given me its outline, by which I had learnt that Madame was not a widow, but that she and her husband had lost everything in the world they possessed in the Franco German War, and were come to England to try and make a little money, she as a governess, he as a clerk in a merchant's house.

My mother was away visiting and the weeks rolled on, and still she did not return. She wrote to me, however, to say that Madame's husband was coming down from London for the day to see his wife; and, as she was away, I must be sure and do the honors of the house prettily.

Two days afterwards arrived M. de Saussaye, a little, short, fat, yellow faced man, with hair like a blacking brush, and twinkling black eyes.

Of course we showed M. de Saussaye over the house and his admiration of our family plate and other valuables was something astonishing. He only remained a day, however, and then we saw him no more.

The next week our parents returned and were more pleased than ever with he governess. So autumn passed and winter

It was one day early in January that father went away to spend a week with a bachelor friend, and mother was left alone with us. She certainly was not fond of domestic life, and she contrived to be out somewhere every night during his absence, leaving us with perfect confidence to Madame. I was rather out of spirits this week, for a series of catastrophes had occurred in the house. First and foremost, our two dear dogs—little "Cosy," mother's pug, and old "Bruin," our house dog—had both come to a sad end, owing to the carelessness of myself and Bobby.

We two had been busy with our paint boxes in the school room one afternoon, until, tired of the amusement, we ran out into the garden, leaving the door open behind us. The two dogs wandered in during our absence, and when about an hour afterwards Madame entered, she found them both lying in the agonies of death, their jaws being smeared with the fatal green paint, telling only too plainly the story of the disaster. In spite of our utmost efforts to recover them, they were both dead before the evening was out; and we children were quite broken hearted, particularly Bobby and myself. The only thing that puzzled us was that we had left our paint-boxes well out of reach, but Madame related that she had found the tables and chairs upset, so, no doubt poor Bruin and Cosy had been romping together, and had brought down the boxes in the melee.

This incident, combined with the sudden dismissal of our school room maid, of whom we were very fond, at a day's notice, had made me very miserable; and Bobby's revelation that "Susan had been sent away because she stole," had not tended to soothe my feelings.

Father had left us on Monday, and on the following Thursday mother went to dine with some friends in the neighborhood, to accompany them to a penny reading a few miles off. She was consequently simply dressed, and wore none of her valuable jewelry. I had a headache that evening, and feeling dull and heavy after my tea, I went up to my mother's bed.

I must have lain there about twenty or thirty minutes, when suddenly I was roused by a faint noise, and instantly opened my eyes wide. Softly and gently, as I listened I heard the sash of the window drawn up; then the curtains began to blow about, and finally, as I lay spell-bound with terror, gazing most intently, they gently parted and horror of horrors! a man's face peered through them for a moment—the next he had emerged into the room. All I could do was to be still and watch him.

Time was evidently everything to the robber, for I do not think it took him ten minutes to sweep off all the valuables in my mother's room. Then he left as silently as he came, never even looking towards the bed.

I was again alone in the room. Oh! how thankful I was! I should have burst out crying, but that I felt there was no time for such an indulgence. Instead thereof, I hastily threw off the bedclothes and huddled on my dressing gown.

I hurried out of the room as fast as I could, and went straight to Madame's room.

She soothed and petted me, till by degrees I managed to tell her that there was a robber in the house, and that he had carried off all mother's jewelry. She looked absolutely petrified.

"But hurry," I added, recovering my composure as Madame lost hers. "I shall go and call Johnson. We shall catch him if we only make haste."

"Wait for me, petite," she said, suddenly resuming her ordinarily calm demeanor; "we will go together and call Johnson."

"No, no, Madame—at once, at once—there is no time to be lost." And before she could detain me, I had darted down stairs, and was in the servant's hall.

To my surprise he was not there. I then thought of the pantry and there strangely enough lay Johnson dressed on his bed, and apparently fast asleep. In the middle of the room stood the plate chest, open, rifled and empty. There was a faint smell pervading the atmosphere, which I recognised as chloroform. It was evident therefore Johnson, in addition to being tipsy, had had chloroform administered to him.

The thing was now to try and rouse him but this was a very difficult matter, and meanwhile the robber would escape. In a few minutes afterwards there came a loud peal at the door bell. What could it be?

It served, however, to assist in rousing the butler, who had recovered consciousness and the other servants who now came rushing down.

"It is master's ring," the butler murmured; and, at these words, off I flew to the hall door, and pulled it open. There stood father in a towering passion.

"What does all this mean?" he asked, catching sight of me in my dressing-gown. "Why is not the door properly answered by Johnson?"

Quickly I explained to him the terrible events of the night, and he saw at once, as I did, the necessity for immediate action. We conjectured that the robber, having secured plate and jewelry, was now flying with his booty; and this idea was confirmed by Madame, who now appeared on the scene, fully dressed, calm and collected.

"I am come to give you news of the thief," she said, with her sweetest smile, to father. "I just now looked out of my window, and I saw him going across the park towards the North Lodge. Ah! Monsieur, how fortunate that you are come home!"

Father thanked her for the information, and in a moment gardeners, stablemen—in fact, every man in the place was roused, and scouts were sent out in all directions, whilst I was summarily dismissed to bed, where, in spite of my nervousness, I soon fell asleep.

It must have been somewhere towards five in the morning that I awoke with a sudden start. Suddenly through the thick darkness, my attention was arrested by something moving near the schoolroom window, and I could just distinguish the figure of a man emerging therefrom, and in his hand a lantern. My old enemy, the robber, undoubtedly. I flew to my door, and rushed to my mother's room. I arrived at the very right moment. Father, just returned from his fruitless chase, was sitting by mother, relating to her the adventures of the night, and how it was that he had so unexpectedly appeared on the scene, owing to a telegram he had received, telling him of the illness of a favorite race horse at a training stable a few miles off. They were both dressed, for mother had been afraid to go to bed, and had had Madame to sit with her to within the last quarter of an hour.

Breathless and incoherent, I nevertheless contrived to make myself understood, and before another minute had elapsed, had the satisfaction of seeing father creep down stairs to the pantry to Johnson, who had also returned home. What followed was related to me afterwards.

When father had made known his mission to Johnson, the two, in order to be as quiet as possible, contrived to drop noiselessly from the pantry window, and getting into the path that ran through the shrubbery, came round to the side of the house where lay the schoolroom. They were now facing the window concealed from detection by the shrubs, and favored by the extremely dark night. This is what met their eyes.

At the foot of the schoolroom window, looking up with outstretched arms as if to catch something heavy, stood a man, his figure made discernible by the light of a lantern that rested on the path by his side; whilst above him, handing him through the open sash a large black bag, her face dimly illuminated by the feeble light of a solitary mortar, stood—Madame. Imagine father's feelings!

To emerge swiftly and silently from the shrubbery and pounce on the thief was the work of a minute, but when they had secured him, and looked him in the face, the red hair and whiskers had disappeared, and he stood revealed to Johnson's astonished gaze as M. de Saussaye, Madame's husband.

The rest of my story is very quickly told. M. de Saussaye and his two black bags—for there were two of them—having been secured, the next step was to see after Madame.

That ingenious person was found in her room, her door locked, and herself fast asleep. On being with much difficulty aroused, she stated she had no idea what all this confusion meant, and begged she might be left in peace, as she had a severe headache. Her request was granted, but her door and window were watched, till with morning the police sent for by father arrived, and M. and Madame de Saussaye were conveyed out of the house under their surveillance.

In due time they were brought before the magistrates and committed for trial, in the course of which it came out that, far from being victims of the Franco German War, they were a pair of notorious communists who had fled to England to escape the reward of their misdeeds.

Thenceforth father and mother never again left us so much to ourselves. On the contrary, they became exceedingly domestic, and in after years, when I had my own household to manage, mother was wont to remark that, after all, Madame's residence amongst us had done some good.

THE CARNATION SEEN THROUGH A MICROSCOPE.—It is well known that the examination of flowers and vegetables of every description, by the microscope, opens a new and interesting field of wonders to the inquiring naturalist. Sir John Hill has given the following curious account of what appeared on his examining a carnation: "The principal flower in an elegant bouquet was a carnation, the fragrance of this led me to enjoy it frequently and near. The sense of smelling was not the only one affected on these occasions; while that was satiated with the powerful sweet, the ear was constantly attacted by an extremely soft, but agreeable, murmuring sound. It was easy to know that some animal within the covert must be the musician, and that the little noise must come from some little creature suited to produce it. I instantly distended the lower part of the flower, and placing it in a full light, could discover troops of little insects frisking, with wild jollity, among the narrow pedestals that supported its leaves, and the little threads that occupied its centre. What a fragrant world for their habitation! What a perfect security from all annoyance, in the dusky husk that surrounded the scene of action! Adapting a microscope to take in at one view the whole base of the flower, I gave myself an opportunity of contemplating what they were about, and this for many days together, without giving them the least disturbance. Thus I could discover their economy, their passions, and their enjoyments. The microscope, on this occasion, had given what nature seemed to have denied to the objects of contemplation. The base of the flower extended itself under its influence to a vast plane; the slender stems of the leaves became trunks of so many stately cedars; the threads in the middle seemed columns of massy structure, supporting at the top their several ornaments; and the narrow spaces between were enlarged in walks, parterres, and terraces. On the polished bottom of these, brighter than Parian marble, walked in pairs, alone, or in larger companies, the winged inhabitants; these, from little dusky flies, for such only the naked eye would have shown them, were raised to glorious, glittering animals, stained with living purple, and with a glossy gold, that would have made all the labors of the loom contemptible in the comparison. I could, at leisure, as they walked together, admire their elegant limbs, their velvet shoulders and their silken wings—their backs vying with the empyrean in its blue; and their eyes, each formed of a thousand others, out glittering the little plains on a brilliant; above description, and too great almost for admiration."

The person who grieves, suffers his passion to grow upon him; he indulges it, he loves it; but this never happens in the case of actual pain, which no man ever willingly endured for any considerable time.

HAIR EELS.

IN many parts of the country the notion has long prevailed that if horse hairs be placed in a brook and left there, they will after a time become endowed with life; in short, they will turn into hair eels. Very recently, a correspondence on this subject was published between two eminent scientists; one alleging that a friend had succeeded in effecting the transformation of hair into "hair eels," the other denying that any such "spontaneous generation" was possible. The life history of the hair eel is perfectly well known. It passes the earlier stages of its existence as a parasite, lying coiled up within the body of an insect, such as the grasshopper; the worm exceeding its host many times in length. In this condition it is immature, and has no power of reproducing its kind. When mature, it leaves the body of the insect and seeks the water, being found in summer at the breeding season in thousands in some localities. There the eggs are laid in long strings, and from each is developed a tiny embroyo, which gains admittance to an insect host, there to lie quiescent for a time, and soon to repeat the history of its parent. It is plain that in such a life history there is neither room nor need for the supposition that hair eels are developed in an unnatural fashion, and at the will of man. The fallacy that hair eels are transformed hairs arises frequently from imperfect observation; often from preconceived notions and from an inability to perceive the unnatural nature of the supposition, or to reason out the procedure adopted to produce the hair eels. Thus, it would be an absurd supposition were any one to maintain that hair eels could only be formed artificially from hairs. It is a perfectly evident truth and a demonstrable fact that they reproduce their kind by means of eggs, and this facts shows us that they possess a natural method of reproduction, and further that the statement of any supposed infringement of a natural law should be received with caution and suspicion.

THE MAN WHO NEVER SMILES.—Gov. Rice is asked to pardon one O'Donnell, of Milbury, from Charlestown, and a gentleman who recently visited the State prison thus tells his story: 'Gentlemen," said the warden, 'I want to bring before you one of the most remarkable cases we have in the prison. We call him 'the man who never smiles,' and I wish before he comes in to tell you his story. He seems to be a man of more than ordinary ability, one of the better class of substantial, frugal Irish citizens, who owned a small place in one of our manufacturing villages, where he resided with his family of grown up sons and daughters, all permanently employed and in comfortable circumstances. The old man had a fine garden, on which he bestowed his leisure hours, in a part of which was a fine lot of cabbages. It seems that the boys in the neighborhood had a habit of trespassing on the old man's garden, until he had determined on getting rid of them by firing his gun to frighten them away. One night, hearing some one in his garden, he took down his gun, and getting behind the hedge, fired into the garden, as he claims, without aim or seeing any one to aim at. But the report of the gun alarmed the neighbors, who on rushing into the garden found the lifeless body of a young girl shot through the heart. The old man, when told what he had done, was struck dumb. He was arrested and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He has now been here for ten years, and his face has become as marble; there is no hope; nothing but the sad remembrance of that dreadful night. In Ireland they have a superstition among the young girls that whoever on Hallowe'en shall place a cabbage over the door will marry the first young man who enters the door afterwards. And this, it was proved, was the errand of the young girl in the old man's garden. But instead of a wedding she found a grave."

TIMELY JESTS.—Many a promotion has been secured by a timely jest. Marshal Junot, while still a young subaltern, attracted the attention of the commander in-chief by coolly observing, as an Austrian shell scattered earth over the despatch he was writing at the latter's dictation, "It's very kind of them to 'sand' our letters for us." When the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., went down to Portsmouth to inspect the British seventy-fours, the guide allotted to him was a battered old lieutenant with one eye, who, lacking a "friend in court," had served for years without promotion. As the veteran removed his hat to salute the royal visitor, the latter remarked his baldness, and said jestingly, "I see, my friend, you have not spared your hair in your country's service." "Why, your Royal Highness," answered the old salt, "so many young fellows have stepped over my head that it's a wonder I have any hair left." The duke laughed loudly at this professional joke, but he made a note of the old man's name at the same time, and a few days after the latter was agreeably surprised to receive his appointment as captain.

Our Young Folks.

THE STORY OF A LETTER.

PUNCTUALITY is a very important part of all our undertakings, and the neglect of it may bring most unpleasant results as this short story will show.

Lucy Wilmore was an only child and as most only children are, was made a great pet by her parents. Her great fault was putting off.

Mr. Wilmore had a brother in Madras, who when he left England had promised to bring back a little monkey as a playfellow for Lucy. She had begged so earnestly for this that her mother had consented to have added to her household one of those intelligent but mischievous little creatures; and Uncle Richard could refuse very few things to his bright little niece.

When Mr Richard Wilmore went away, his brother's family were living at a village called Sunbay, in Cornwall, but at the time when they heard of his intention to return, it had become necessary for them to remove nearer to London, so Lucy's father wrote immediately to give the new address, in order that his brother might not have the trouble to go all the way to Cornwall only to find them all gone.

The morning Lucy's father wrote that letter to his brother, he was obliged to go some miles along the coast on a matter of important business, so he came into the garden, where Lucy and Jerry—a favorite cat—were sitting, and giving his daughter the letter, told her to be sure and put it in the post before eleven o'clock.

Lucy took the letter and promised to post it in time.

"Be sure you do it," cried the father, as he was re entering the house, "for it will be extremely inconvenient to Uncle Richard not to get our new address."

Now I must tell you that Lucy was very properly anxious to improve in her studies. The Welsh language contains many long words as you will find some day, if you study it. Lucy tried very hard to pronounce this name—Llanfairpwllchgwyngergobwychllandysselliogogo—and the more she tried the less she could manage it.

Time went on, and Lucy was still struggling with these forty three letters, when old Rebecca popped her head out of the window and called out:

"Miss Lucy, haven't you a letter to post? It's half past ten!"

Lucy answered:

"Oh! very well. Rebecca, there's plenty of time, it's only five minutes' walk to the post office."

Lucy devoted herself again to her book, and very soon forgot all about the letter and became so interested that she was astonished when the church clock struck eleven!

With a little cry of dismay she rushed indoors to find her boots, which she had been often told to put on early in the morning, so as to be ready for walking with her father without delay, a thing he much disliked. And now where was the button hook. Lucy in her hurry turned upside down her own and her mother's work box, vainly searching. The rural postman always sounded a horn as he left the village; Lucy heard it now, and regardless of consequences ran out into the road just as she was, with her unfastened boots threatening to come off at every step and retarding her progress greatly. Hot and breathless she arrived at the post-office just in time to see the postman going over the top of the hill.

The office was a little grocer's shop, the only one in Sunbay, and was in charge of Mrs. Beans, a fat, good natured old woman, who had never been seen flurried or excited within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

"Oh, Mrs. Beans," panted the little girl, "what shall I do? This letter is for India, and I have lost the post."

"Well now, that be a pity," replied Mrs. Beans, "it be indeed, only to think!"

Lucy found that there was no comfort to be got out of Mrs Beans, who only shook her head and looked wise so she darted off again, and ran in the direction that the postman had taken and quite forgetting that he could not possibly hear her shouted aloud. Some one heard her though, and he was close by. This was Lazy Jim, as every one called him, an idle and he was an improvident sort of fellow who never did anything useful when he could help it and spent his time in that hardest of all labor if people would only believe it doing nothing.

"Oh! Jim," said Lucy glad in her distress to have even him to appeal to, "will you catch the postman and give him this?"

When Lazy Jim understood what she wanted he slowly lay down again, chewing a stem of grass and saying:

"Postman comes to morrow day, he do."

"Yes, yes I know," she said, "but that wont do." Then a thought struck her. In her pocket was a new shilling; holding it up she went on, "Jim, I will give you this if you will run and catch him."

Jim was up in a minute, he took the letter and the shilling, and grinning from ear to ear, started off at a pace that soon put him out of sight.

Then Lucy gave a sigh of relief and turned back home, where Mrs. Wilmore, who was in bed with a sick headache, had been wondering what the truant lassie had been doing. Lucy soon explained, and her mother said:

"Well, I dare say Uncle Richard will get it, if Jim is quick, but it must be a lesson to you not to put off; you see, it has already cost you a shilling."

But Lazy Jim was not quick—at least not for long. It was very hot for the time of year, the postman was far ahead, and Jim could not see the use of hurrying. "Would not the next post do as well? of course it would." So the messenger slackened his pace, then he stopped, then sat down on a bank, afterwards dozed off and finally forgot all about the letter until he was passing the post office, on his way to hunt up some dinner, when he posted it, and felt as if he had done a day's work.

So the Indian mail was lost.

Very soon after the Wilmore family left Sunbay, and were settled comfortably in their new dwelling when the time arrived for Uncle Richard to return home, and eagerly was he expected.

It was the second week in November, and in the evening after tea the Wilmores were sitting sociably round the fire up stairs while old Rebecca down in the kitchen was meditating a dreadful warfare against beetles and mice, which were the great plagues of her life, and listening to the melancholy voice of Jerry whom she was very fond of shutting out into the garden, as she had an idea that he was not perfectly honest in the matter of fish and milk.

As Lucy returned to the drawing room followed by Jerry, with his tail erect in the air Mr Wilmore was saying to his wife, "Was it not the Lynx that Richard was to come home by?"

The little girl pricked up her ears at the mention of her uncle's name.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wilmore, "I am sure that was the name."

"He ought to have been here to day then, for the Lynx had arrived in port," Mr. Wilmore went on, looking over the paper.

Lucy hung her head and felt very much vexed with herself; no doubt the letter could not have reached Uncle Richard, or he and the monkey would have been there now.

It was quite true. That very evening a carriage drove through Sunbay and stopped at Rose Cottage. The night was dark and the sunburnt gentleman saw that Rose Cottage was dark too, and the gate padlocked. Much perplexed he went with the carriage to make inquiries, and learnt at the post office (where the Wilmores' new address had been left with Mrs. Beans) that the family had removed and where. The tired horse the heavy luggage and tiresome roads prevented a return to Pentorthen that night. To find a bed therefore, was the first thing. This it turned out could only be done at the "Boatman's Arms" and there the accommodation was far from luxurious; but Mr. Richard Wilmore was an old traveler, and as such made the best of things; and so to a long, low up stairs room with a lean to roof his lighter luggage was taken, and with it a large basket containing something alive. It was a pretty little white faced monkey of Ceylon, which the uncle had bought on his travels for Lucy. Up stairs Mr Wilmore unfastened the basket, and Dick (as the monkey was named) got out and curled himself up before the fire, watching his master's movements with his keen black eyes.

Very soon the red head of Lazy Tim came round the door post and announced, "The light be up at Pendriggan."

Pendriggan was a projecting headland on which, in bad weather, a fire was lighted to warn vessels off as no lighthouse was at that time built. This indeed, was the case now; and when the villagers assembled on the beach, a large ship could be plainly seen driving swiftly towards a reef which almost entirely barred the mouth of the bay. The heavy seas broke over her—still on she bore nearer and yet nearer to the fatal reef. Not a word did the people speak one to the other—silently they watched the doomed vessel. Down near the white surf stood the tall figure of Richard Wilmore. A sea caught the ship on the beam and ground her timbers against the submarine foe, carried away two of the boats, and swept into the angry waters many of the hapless crew. Then Richard Wilmore raised his voice, asking who would go with him to save the crew.

* * * * *

When Lucy's father came down to Sunbay and looked for the last time on his brother's features, they bore that calm expression that the faces of dead men wear who fear not, neither in life nor in death, but believe.

Poor Lucy! She was deeply, painfully grieved, but her father gave her comfort. "There is one thing Lucy," he went on, stroking the little girl's fair glossy curls, "which you and I and all of us, must learn from his death—to be ready as he was, do not put off being ready—do it now."

There are very few feminine criminals in India. The average prison population in Bombay is 1 to 1 815 of the total population, but that of the female prisoners is only 1 to 23 500. This is attributed to the subjection of women, and the absence of drink.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 244 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

THE CRYPTOGRAM.
(Adapted from "The Battle of Blenheim.")

BY O. W. L.

It was a summer evening,
O. Possum's work was done,
And he, before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun;
While on the terrace, dressed in style,
Perambulated Miss Anne.

She saw Sam Ewell extricate
A paper from a mound
Of ashes, in the street, hard by,
And asked what he had found.
Quoth he "I-C-U R-O-K,
U M-L M Q B-A J."

O. Possum took it from the lad,
And studied it for more
Than half an hour; then said "'Tis what
I thought it was before—
A cryptogram—I'll bet a cent—
A relic of the tournament."

'Twas there the puzzlers of the 'Dore
Took many solvers in,
With something similar to this.
It seemed almost a sin,
For I am sure 'twas all a sham,
Yet—'twas a famous cryptogram.

Great praise the bob's Byrnehe won,
And our young Lochinvar
"For mixing alphabets" growled Sam,
Igniting a cigar.
"Nay, nay," O. Possum answered, "Sam
It was a famous cryptogram.

And everybody praised the youth,
Whose cryptogram had won——
"But," queried Sam, "what was it worth?"
O. Possum said, "My son,
It really wasn't worth a——clam,
But 'twas a famous cryptogram."

ANSWERS.

No. 227. MARTHA WASHINGTON.

No. 228.

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    N
    A
    R
TASSARA
    E
    W
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No. 229. OTTER.

No. 230.

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    M
   NOW
   CRUST
  DRESSES
 MOUSETRAP
   MEETING
    TERMS
     SAG
      P
```

No. 231. WAGON-WHEEL.

No. 232.

```
      METAYER
     PERULED
    PINALES
   PLEASES
  SEANCES
 BOARDED
REDRESS
```

No. 233. SHIP. SEE, PEA.

No. 234.

```
    ANAPEST
    NARRATE
    ARDITES
    PRIMALS
    EATABLE
    STELLAR
    TESSERA
```

No. 235. CONICONSHISPHERICAL.

No. 236.

```
      M
     PAR
    SAGER
   STRIVER
  PARASITES
 MAGISTERIAL
  REVIEWING
   RETRIMS
    MEINS
     SAG
      L
```

No. 237. "Old man," the chief vociferates,
"Upon this stormy water
We sail in time; this highland man
Cannot bring back your daughter!"

No. 238.

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      PEDANTIC
     CARAMOID
    CARINATE
   MELANITE
  CERASITE
 FATIMITE
BUFONITE
MODENESE
```

No. 239. NUMERICAL.

This isle—the 1 2 3,
In Asia you may see,
'Tis in the Irish Sea.

A river 4, 5, 6,
'Tis not the river Styx.
But with the Rhine does mix.

The WHOLE divides the land—
A feud 'twixt Ceylon and
Old "India's coral strand."

New York City. ESPERO.

No 240. RHOMBOID.

Across.—1 Extraordinary in size. 2 A weapon. 3 Carpeting. 4 Excursions on horseback. 5. A surgical appliance.

Down:—A consonant. 2 A verb. 3 Fit. 4. Close. 5 Carpeting. 6. An excursion. 7. Uniform. 8 In like manner. 9. A consonant.

EXCELSIOR DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. A spike of corn. 3. Carpeting. 4 To free. 5 A consonant.

Nassau, N. H. CYRIL DEANE.

No. 241. DOUBLE CROSS-WORDS.

In narrow vale but not in mead,
In surgery but not in part,
In shimmering but not in gleam,
In scintillate but not in dart,
In tenement but not in land,
In instrument but not in hoe,
In dignified but not in grand,
In ornament but not in show,
In galloping but not in flow,
In—well, now I guess I'm through.

In orchards rich in golden fruits,
The apple, peach and pear,
Select of first, two different kinds,
Then—well, then pull your hair!

Washington, D. C. GIL BLAS

No 242. SQUARE.

1 A coin, 2. Melodious. 3. Marked with furrows. 4 Have a certain deck. 5. A sect. 6. Formed with channels.

Santa Clara, Cal. COMET.

No. 243 CHARADE.

As I have nothing else to do,
I think I will charade a few.
I'll second to my word a day,
The Fall has many a gloomy day,
That makes a rhyme. Some FIRST now get
And put it down ere you forget.
The SECOND, so it seems to me,
Means to consist or to agree.
Good bye! I have to stop right here
Because my WHOLE is dry and sere.

Bedalia, Mo. JIM NASTIC.

No 244. RHOMBOID.

ACROSS:—1. A Vomiting. 2 A township in England. 3 A river in Scotland. 4 Dipped. 5. A Greek proper name. 6. A town in the Netherlands.

DOWN:—1 In Constantinople. 2 Belonging to Mo. 3 A fish. 4 An excursion on the water. 5. A town of Guinea. 6 Boiled. 7 A girl's name. 8 A plant. 9. A quadruped. 10. An abbreviation of a river. 11. In Constantinople.

Bedalia, Mo. CAPT. CUTTLE.

No. 245. DOUBLE CROSS-WORDS.

In Nic O'Demus not in Quips,
In ocean steamers not in ships,
In Mrs. Browning not in Reade,
In cameleopard not in steed,
In Pennsylvania not in state,
This line the rhyme will consummate.

Some chaps I've heard will often blow
And say their girls are sweet:
But as for me, I'd have you know,
I only blow COMPLETE.

Baltimore, Md. ARIAN.

No. 246 DIAMOND.

1. In Halifax. 2. A field. 3. An auxiliary proposition. 4 An animal. 5 Harmony. 6. At all. 7. In Malaga str.

Yuilee, Ills. TOWNSEND.

No 247. DOUBLE CHARADE.

I.

From Germany came Yawcob Strauss.
He came to see if he could
But scarcely had he got across
Than he was inducted to Kuchre.
Twas a beer saloon [illegible] he
Met Shpeikle" at his friend "Effcuit"
Who pressed him to partake, but he
Said "Dank you, got I so got a plenty."
"Let's have a game of Draw" Shpeikle
"No I draw out of that" said "Shpeikle."
"But what? Euchre at 10 I am
Well pay you ill we are all so sick."
They play a SECOND played a game
They passed a while in Strange out veracious
Till Eight o'clock Yawcob Dort
Drew an examination—"fractions!"

II.

That LAST is FIRST, is very queer,
Although in fine accord with Scripture.
Pray give attention while you hear;
How this can be without a rupture.
My SECOND is an aged man
The FIRST will show you his condition,
Def on the WHOLE as best you can,
Or catch it by your intuition.
I need not tell you where he lives
We are used to pay "it is to [illegible]"
Not half of you the tale believes
As I of the first, he is by smacky.
I could [illegible] facts
I am so sorry a FIRST 'twould take me
The [illegible] my patience sorely
Makes me like SECOND rather shaky.

San Francisco, Cal. PARLY VERE.

No 248 RHOMBOID.

ACROSS:—1 A town of Roma Ia. 2 Pertaining to a class of sacred works. 3 Certain kinds of soldiers. 4 A war prepared. 5 Original. 6 Certain Greek names. 7. A scripture name.

DOWN:—1 A letter. 2 An abbreviation for a month. 3. A cooking pan. 4 A Greek land. 5. Passes. 6 Heroine. 7 A genus of birds. 8 A Latin name. 9 A Scripture name. 10 A crutch. 11 The edge. 12. An explanation of a passage. 13 A letter.

Boston, Mass. T. A. B.

No. 249. ANAGRAM.

Look well and you will see the name
Of a musician of undying fame

FILL BE SOLD THE FIRM ONYX HANDS.

Philadelphia, Pa. KATE NICKLEBY.

No. 250. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. An abbreviation relating to age. 3. An island of the Grecian Archipelago. 4. The shell of a nut. 5 Foretelling. 6 Fairground. (Rare.) 7. Appointed. 8. A Greek Proper name. 9. A part of the body. 10 Drawn. 11. A letter.

Independence, Mo. BEN. A. MIN.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.

2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of July 5th were solved by A. C. M., Gil Blas, A. Solver, Maud Lynn, Waverly, Hal Hazard, Nick O'Demus, Capt. Cuttle, Jim Nastic, Effanoff, Possum, Hannah M. Gage, Apollo.

No Complete Lists.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Not won.

2. J. C. M., San Francisco, Cal.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Waverly Two Squares. Arlan—Crossword and Cryptogram. (Considered new.) Solutions and two Crosswords.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. M.—Must have your address.

Arlan.—The "Dinafore" Crossword very good indeed.

Waverly.—You, "Jarep" and "El Fen" are doing splendidly in the Seven Letter Square line. Keep it up.

Cerebrations.—Numerical OK. Look out for the notice in Crosswords. Very important.

X. L. C. R.—The Nutcrackers' Monthly has improved so much since the first issue, that we really [illegible] glad to see your paper in such a flourishing condition.

Knight's Puzzle.—After due consideration we have concluded not to publish Knight's puzzles and believe we will gratify the majority of our readers in doing so. We have accepted two one by "Wild Rose" and the other by "Piney Ann" and will return them to the authors if they so desire.

THE BIRDS' CALL.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

The birds are calling in the morning,
Calling through the livelong day.
"Come soon to the meadows,
Rest in the valleys,
Walk in the woodlands so gay,
Merry mortals, come away."

Listen, for the sweet birds are calling,
Hasten their call to obey.
Go soon to the meadows,
Rest in the valleys,
Walk in the woodland so gay,
Throw, for a time, care away.

The birds are calling in the morning,
"Come for one hour away;"
At noon they are calling,
And too at sunset,
"Oh, haste from your labors away—
Weary mortals, haste away.

THE FRENCH FETE IN LONDON.

THE French Fete, or Fancy Fair, in aid of the French charities in London, was held at the Albert Hall, London, the first of this month, and was one of the most brilliant affairs of the season. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the royal children—the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud—the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Prince Leopold, and the Crown Prince of Sweden all appeared in the royal box, and the band of the Garde Republicaine instantly commenced playing "God bless the Prince of Wales!" The scene on entering the hall and on looking down into the arena beneath was a very gay one. The stalls were arranged in three lines down the centre of the arena and on either side; they were of a light and diaphanous character, and presented an agreeable contrast to the heavily-decorated stalls usually seen at bazaars. The canopies and draperies were formed of fine muslin, pale pink, pale blue, and white in alternate stripes—the French tricolor in subdued tints.

The difficulty of obtaining access and egress to and from the arena of the hall was immense, and the difficulty of approaching any particular stall was even greater; one had to go with the tide, as it were, which set the strongest in the direction of the three stalls presided over by the members of the Comedie Francaise, in the centre of which was Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt; many of the articles on her stall in the bijouterie line were supplied by Messrs. Howell and James, in addition to many objets d'art from Paris, and fancy goods, not forgetting the choicest of flowers and the best executed of photographs, for which Mlle. Bernhardt obtained fancy prices, with her signature attached. At one corner of her stall was a cage containing a pair of the tiniest and prettiest of white kittens, with blue ribbons round their necks. Mlle. Bernhardt wore what might be described as an "indescribible something" of muslin and lace, with a large straw hat; also "a something" of cream colored feathers and lace. She wore buff colored gloves to the elbow, and a boquet of yellow roses; and two persons could hardly have got through the serving and selling required of her. Mlle Croizette occupied a stall at her left hand, roses being one of its many features. Pink roses were also conspicuous on her bonnet, which was tied with the broadest of pink silk strings. Mlle Samary was one of the most energetic of the *ingenues* who assisted at the third of the Comedie Francaise stalls, and who, attired in a pinafore costume of striped chocolate and cream satin, with an underskirt and sleeves of chocolate satin and large straw hat with feathers to match, and the ubiquitous bunch of roses on the bodice of her dress, did a thriving business in the flower trade. Mlle. Favart sold fans and flowers, and screens and jewellery from Paris houses, at the same stall.

After the royal party had been a short time in their box, they descended to the body of the hall to visit the stalls. The Prince of Wales with the Duchess of Edinburgh led the way, followed by the Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. One policeman alone formed an *avant-courier* in the closely packed crowd, and cleared a passage for the royal party. The Princess of Wales wore a dress of striped black velvet, with black lace round the throat, and a small black bonnet with a cluster of mauve lilacs. The Duchess of Edinburgh wore a dress *of cafe au lait*, or light *bois* shade of cashmere, with embroideries of a darker shade of brown, smoke buttons, and pale blue bows; a straw bonnet, with cream colored feathers and white veil. The Duchess of Connaught wore a dress of white satin, and a white bonnet; she did not visit the fair—or rather, leave the box—until a short time after the Prince and Princess of Wales had done so, when, accompanied by Prince Leopold and the Crown Prince of Sweden, she made her way through the crowd. Mlle. Bernhardt's stall was the first visited by the royal party, and purchases were made and goods displayed; the other stalls were visited in succession, and numerous purchases were made.

To give anything like an account or a description of the articles under each tricolor tent would be superfluous if it were possible, as the generality of the stalls had no speciality beyond saying that pretty and beautiful articles in the way of porcelain, paintings, drawings, statuettes, pottery, *bijouterie*, &c., were exhibited in profusion.

Lady Skelmersdale and the Countess Karolyi sold bouquets of flowers, for the hand or for the button hole, and the dresses of the ladies vied with the flowers. The Countess Karolyi wore a costume of dark mauve silk with waistcoat and tablier of pale peach brocade. An exquisite dress worn by one of these fair stall holders, was of pale peach brocade, covered with cascades of Mechlin lace, the bonnet was of tiny mauve violets, a jewelled waistband, and gold necklet. At the refreshment stall presided over by two American ladies, American drinks and iced champagne, tea and coffee, and other beverages were dispensed. The two principal ladies at this buffet wore striped black velvet dresses and straw bonnets; one of these bonnets was of glistening red straw. And, by the way, straw bonnets ran a dead heat with toques. Some of the prettiest and most graceful of the Frenchwomen present were the simplest of straw bonnets, either black or white, tied with strings under the chin, with or without a dash of color in the way of a bright flower. We return to the refreshment stall of Mrs. Ronalds, just to give one word of praise to the gentlemen who assisted her; amongst others, Captain Oliver Montagu, Lord Charles Beresford, and Lord Dufferin donned the waiter's apron and assumed the waiter's office. Lady Enfield and the Marchioness of Headfort were in the "dry goods" refreshment department, consisting of chocolate, cherries, ices, bonbons, and so on. The Countess of Steenbock had an attractive collection of foreign manufactures, and was herself attired in an attractive costume of bronze green, with a Directoire coat bodice with waistcoat of ivory silk and hat and feathers to match. Mrs. Cornwallis West did not assist at any particular stall, but with Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Wheeler sold cigars and button hole bouquets, button-holing all whom they met, ingeniously extracting from them the coin of the realm. Mrs. Cornwallis West was attired in a costume of striped black velvet, with a crimson silk toque ornamented with two small crimson feathers and diamond ornaments. Mrs. Langtry wore a brocaded costume with quaint straw hat, and Mrs. Wheeler carried a basket of flowers, and wore a simple looking striped muslin dress trimmed with lace. Mrs. Kennard, who assisted at Mme. Penedos' stall, wore a costume of dark crimson cashmere, white lace necktie, and toque of crimson satin. The Countess Bathyany, Lady Howe, and the Hon. Mrs. Stonor were also among the stall holders, who exhibited really beautiful things for sale, such as exquisite paintings, statuettes, vases, gilt screens, flower stands, silver filigree work, &c. Paintings on wood and embroidery, the work of amateurs, were also contributed, although of amateur work there was but little to be seen as compared with the amount displayed at bazaars and fancy fairs in general. Amongst the visitors or company present "children" were conspicuous by their absence, and the royal princesses did not accompany their parents when visiting the stalls, but remained seated in the box overlooking the gay scene. They were simply and prettily attired in dresses of pink cambric, with sashes of deep crimson, and wore straw hats trimmed with white or pale cream color, with feathers. A handsome bouquet of white flowers was presented to the Princess of Wales, which appeared to delight the youthful princesses. The crowded state of the arena rendered the atmosphere very oppressive on the opening day, and this was much aggravated on Tuesday, as a far greater number of visitors were present, and no alterations had been made for the better with regard to obtaining entrance and exit to the fair, the narrow passage or flight of steps from the corridor of the building to the area between the amphitheatre stalls being totally inadequate for the free circulation of so large a crowd, and the incoming and outgoing throngs thus meeting formed a dense crowd, through which the greatest patience was necessary to force "a right of way." As a natural consequence the sales materially suffered, and not nearly so much business was effected as would have been the case had the arrangements been more satisfactory for locomotion.

Grains of Gold.

Adversity is the true touchstone of merit.

Without a rich heart wealth is an ugly beggar.

Sin always begins with pleasure and ends with bitterness.

Submission is the footprint of faith in the pathway of sorrow.

As we must account for every idle word, so we must likewise for every idle silence.

I will chide no heathen in the world, but myself, against whom I know most faults.

There are few doors through which liberality joined with good humor, cannot find its way.

Is beauty vain because it will fade? Then are earth's green robe and heaven's light vain.

Anger is blood, poured and perplexed into a froth; but malice is the wisdom of our wrath.

We measure minds by their stature; it would be better to esteem them by their beauty.

To impress, we must be in earnest; to amuse, it is only necessary to be kindly and fanciful.

Who is he who neither praises or blames at any time, without perceiving, in others, his own qualities.

This is the present reward of virtuous conduct—that no unlucky consequence can oblige us to regret it.

Whatever things injure your eye, you are anxious to remove; but things which affect your mind you defer.

In life we shall find many men that are great, and some men that are good, but very few men that are both great and good.

Gravity is the very essence of imposture; it does not only mistake other things, but is apt perpetually almost to mistake itself.

How comfortless is the sorrow of him who feels at once the pangs of guilt and the vexation of calamity which guilt has brought upon him.

Foppery is never cured; it is the bad stamina of the mind, which, like those of the body, are never rectified; once a coxcomb, always a coxcomb.

It is amusing to detect character in the vocabulary of each person. The adjectives habitually used, like the inscriptions of a thermometer, indicate the temperament.

We may set it down as an axiom that disrespect to others is incompatible with self-respect, and he who is indifferent to their feelings can have none but indifferent feelings of his own.

The person who grieves, suffers his passion to grow upon him; he indulges it, he loves it; but this never happens in the case of actual pain, which no man ever willingly endured for any considerable time.

The bitter word is not the strong word. The greatest vigor of thought or act is not violent; it breaks no law of courtesy. The lightning is silent and playful; it is the rent and wounded air that wails in thunder.

False wit is a fatiguing search after conning traits, an affectation of saying in enigmas what others have already said naturally, to hang together ideas which are incompatible, to divide that which ought to be united, of seizing false relations.

Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word which did not expand the intellect while it purified the heart—which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and feelings.

When we live habitually with the wicked, we become necessarily either their victim or their disciple; when we associate, on the contrary, with virtuous men, we form ourselves in imitation of their virtues, or, at least, lose every day something of our faults.

Manners are the shadows of virtues—the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides in the performance of our duties.

Femininities.

The noise a woman makes in putting up preserves has a jarring sound.

It is said that a few fashionable ladies are trying to revive the use of powder in the hair.

How to become practically acquainted with the "Rule of Three"—Live with your wife, mother, and mother-in law.

Alluding to chignons, Mrs Cleaver said "a girl is all head." "Yes, until you talk to her," answered Mr. Cleaver.

A lady wrote to a Connecticut paper that she opened an old cushion 7 inches square and found 653 needles of all kinds.

When an unmarried woman of uncertain age says she has remained single from choice, she means that she is self-maid.

A lady lecturer believes that women ought to retain their own names when they get married. She has retained hers thus far.

"Sales ladies" now advertise in the newspapers. "Washer lady," "char-lady," and "lady of all work" will follow in due course.

A new weekly paper called the "Jim and Eliza Journal," has been started in Mississippi. Jim and Eliza are the editor and his wife.

Whether to marry or not to marry was decided by a couple at Clinton, Mass., the other day, by a game of dominoes—and Hymen won.

An old bachelor editor has discovered that girls are plenty in Baltimore, but stifled a sigh when he learned that a marriage license cost $4.50.

Della White invited her friends in Greensburg, Ind., to what she called a surprise party, and surprised them by getting married in their presence.

Miss Harkness, a Boston girl fifteen years old, who has been studying the violin in Paris for six years, has won the approval of intelligent critics.

A grandson of the rich grocer, Governor Bishop, of Ohio, eloped and married one of his father's servant girls, whose only fault was honest poverty.

Miss Ada North, formerly State Librarian of Iowa, has opened an office in Des Moines, where she offers her aid to lawyers in consulting legal works.

If a woman were appointed a census taker, the hesitation of ladies to make known their ages would not worry her much. She would mark down all such at forty-two years and no questions asked.

A Cincinnati woman is suing a sewing machine company for two thousand dollars damages. She bought a machine, and, defaulting payment, the agent took it away after a struggle in which she was physically injured.

Since the principal of the Fourth district school, Cincinnati, was discharged, his assistant has taken his place and done all his work, besides hearing her own classes, and thus did more work than it is thought prudent to give a male principal, for fear of injuring his brain.

A prepossessing young lady in Baltimore county, Maryland, who sued her uncle for $5,000 damages for rudely thrusting her away when she asked for money, he being her trustee under the will of another uncle, has been given by an unappreciative jury a verdict for one cent.

Mlle. Jeanne Samary, of the Comedie Francaise, is one of the reigning beauties of London, and her favorite relaxation of cracking nuts with her teeth is being adopted in high society. The young swells of the day have invented a new expression. A lady with beautiful teeth is described as having: "Haw! haw! fine nut crackers; haw!"

This is how Nilsson, the celebrated singer, prepares for work: When she is about to appear in opera she rests, after rehearsal, the entire day on the sofa, abjures solid food, but has a cupful of her favorite essence of meat every two hours. This is her unvarying regimen, and she finds that it nerves her for the effort and triumph of successive nights.

Boston girls put spiders on chair backs; their English sisters prefer black beetles; whereupon an authority in art tells them that beetles on cushions or chair backs are as bad as cherries or strawberries in realistic colors, and says:—"I do not know which is the least offensive article in the small of the back, a crushed strawberry or a cockroach."

A young negro woman in New Orleans has phenomenally big and ill-shaped feet. She was induced by a photographer to sit for a portrait, and, after several trials, he gave her a picture that she carried away with delight. A few days later she ascertained his real motive, for she saw a life-sized view of her feet displayed for sale in the stores. She has instituted a suit for damages.

Looking over a book of costumes of the last century, she asked her mother, "Do you suppose that when gentlemen wore the queue they could do their hair themselves, or did they require a hairdresser?" "Well, my dear," said her mother, "no doubt such a man as Mozart, for instance, employed a *friseur*." "O, I wasn't thinking of a mean little musician like Mozart, but of the *gentlemen* of the time," replied the young lady.

Miss Calino goes for the first time to see the sea at Dieppe, France. At her departure for home her sister recommends her to carry back some sea water in a bottle. She goes down to the shore and fills her vial with water. "Better not fill it up like that, missy," said a sailor. "bekase, it bein' low water now, when the tide rises it'll burst your bottle." Miss Calino, quite convinced, empties half the water in her vial and departs.

Queen Anne was in the habit of hearing the church service read in the apartment next her bedroom, and her maids dressed her while it went on, the door being left open that she might catch the words. At a certain stage of the toilet, however, the Lady of the Bedchamber used discreetly to close the door for a short time; and on this one sturdy chaplain stopped reading. The Queen sent word that he might go on, but he declined, he said, "to whistle the word of God through a keyhole."

The condition of sewing women in Cleveland, Ohio, is being investigated by Christian women. A widow was found, formerly well to do, who makes vests at fourteen cents each, and earns $1 98 per week for herself and boy. Two girls make cheviot shirts at four cents apiece, and working till midnight earn $3 per week. Heavy overalls are made for the wholesale houses at fifty cents per dozen. Girls earn $2 per week at this. Woollen pantaloons are made for ten cents a pair. So long as such things are done in a Christian country, so long will virtue succumb to vice.

Facetiæ.

A yawl-race—Cats.

A rain of terror—Pitchforks.

True to the core—The apple-worm.

The professional balloonist has a scarer head.

The man who wanted to "try his hand," held four aces.

A felon on the thumb is worse than two in the penitentiary.

Poverty is not a sin, but it is sometimes a blamed sight worse.

A mixed up boy asked for a "ten cent bake of loafer's bread."

Unlike the flea, when you put your finger on a hornet he is there.

The man who married above his station was a railroad conductor.

When a man bows assent to what you are saying, he stoops to concur.

What an old thermometer that must have been that was 100 in the shade.

An Oswego man calls his wife Poor Excuse, because she's better than none.

"The poor ye have with you always," but the rich go away in summer time.

Question—Whether the "old wine" so much prized is older than elder wine?

The fly with the stickiest feet is always elected to the "never give up" business.

It is not only more blessed, but it's far more comfortable to give than to receive—a kick.

Jones, who is engaged to an heiress, calls her Economy, because she is the road to wealth.

A witness being asked, "What is your occupation?" replied, "My wife is a dressmaker."

The mosquito almost always succeeds in getting a speech from the person it honors with a serenade.

We always have our suspicion of a man who invariably takes his soda from the other side of the fountain.

When Neptune is in an affectionate mood he throws an arm of the sea around a waist of water, and hugs the shore.

Charley de Flukey has discovered why gospel tents attract so many sinners. They mistake them for circuses.

That most monstrous tyrant Henry VIII., was so ardent a wooer, that he married his wives first, and axed them afterwards.

An Iowa limburger cheese factory was struck by lightning the other night, and the lightning got altogether the worst of it.

"Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose I haven't anything to pay with?" Then don't go."

Boy with donkey—"Go for a ride, sir?" Jones—"Nice figger I'd look on a donkey?" Boy—"Yes, sir; cut out for a donkey, I should say, sir."

Some crabbed bachelor says: "Some bachelors go to the war because they like fighting; and some married men go—because they like peace."

What is more deserving of our sympathy than a young man with but fifteen cents in his pocket, a girl on each arm, and seven ice-cream signs in sight?

Base-balls are covered with horse-hide, but the inexperienced man who catches one is always ready to take on oath that it is covered with bee-stingers.

Tortoises with old dates cut in their shells are being found in Bucks county. A two-year old tortoise was found the other day with the date of 1600 on his back.

A Mississippi man puts it thus: "At the earnest solicitation of those to whom I owe money, I have consented to become a candidate for county treasurer."

A wag, observing on the door of a house the names of two physicians, remarked that it put him in mind of a double barreled gun—if one missed, the other was sure to kill.

A young lady, at breakfast, asked a gentleman to hand her the "bon fruit," pointing to a plate of eggs. The gentleman suggested "Shanghai berries" as a more insidious term.

Some one having lavishly lauded Longfellow's aphorism, "Suffer and be strong," a matter-of-fact man observed that it was merely a variation of the old adage, "Grin and bear it."

A New Orleans toper argues that intoxication is the only safe condition, because a neighbor of his was drunk for two weeks and went through perils safely, but was killed the morning after he became sober.

A Kentuckian, hearing a child cry very loudly and furiously, remarked: "How wickedly that small sample of mankind is swearing now, in the infantile vernacular? What will it come to when it is educated?"

On a recent occasion, as the marriage ceremony was about to be performed at a church in a neighboring town, when the clergyman desired the parties wishing to be married to stand up, a large number of ladies immediately arose.

Many a man who scolds his wife because things are not just to suit him at home, will be quiet as pie, and as mild as milk, at a fashionable summer resort, where nothing is so good as it is in his own house, and he knows it.

"To die and have everybody read your age on the coffin-plate!" cried a young lady who had been dangerously ill for some days, "it's too much!" and she incontinently had a good cry. She began to improve from that moment.

A merchant, examining a hogshead of hardware, on comparing the invoice, found it all right, except a hammer less than the invoice. "Och! don't be troubled," said the Irish porter, "sure the nagur took it out to open the hogshead with."

SURE, SAFE, PROMPT AND THOROUGH are the characteristics of Dr. Jaynes's Carminative Balsam. Its merit has made it known everywhere for years, as a standard curative for Cramps, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, and all Diseases of the Bowels; it is besides easily administered to children, being agreeable to the taste.

All a Mistake.

BY L. B.

"YOU don't tell me so," said Miss Marion. "Are you all alone?"

"Yes," nodded her friend, Allie Burt, with a smile that roused a brace of dimples into full activity; "alone, for James has taken the apples to the cider mill, and Bridget has gone to her cousin's. And neither of them will be home until morning."

"And your uncle John?"

"He has gone to the meeting at Tubtown," laughed Allie. "And Providence only knows when he will get home again."

"But," said Miss Marion, with a troubled wrinkle between her brows, "I tell you it ain't safe."

Allie laughed.

"Not safe?" she cried. "Why, who is going to hurt me? The old trees, or the squirrels?"

"Beggars, robbers and thieves."

"Never heard of such a thing in all this neighborhood."

"Or you might be taken ill."

"I might turn into a fairy princess, but I don't expect to."

Still Miss Marion shook her head.

"Allie," said she, "you'd better come and stay all night with me."

But Allie declined.

"When is the new parson coming to take possession of his house?" asked Miss Marion, glancing at a newly erected little cottage, an eighth of a mile or so down the road. "If he was living there you wouldn't be so entirely without neighbors."

"I don't know," said Allie. "In a week or two, I suppose. Oh, Miss Marion, I do so hope he will be nice."

"Well," said Miss Marion, "would you like to be a minister's wife?"

"I'd like to be a nice minister's wife," answered Allie.

And then, as Miss Marion whipped up her little sleepy old pony, and rattled noisily down the road, she ran back into the house, glad to feel the genial atmosphere of the blazing fire, for it was blowing a rather chill gale.

It was a pretty little room, hung by Allie's own skilful hands, with pale green paper, sprinkled over with moss rosebuds, and its one window draped with Turkey red.

Miss Burt looked reflectively at the teakettle which Bridget had filled and hung over the blaze before she started on her errand.

"Tea," she said, aloud. "As if I would go through all the ceremony of making tea for myself alone. I'll just eat a baked apple, and then I shall have more time to read my book."

All of a sudden she was roused from her musings by the creaking of the rusty doorlatch in its socket, and turning, she saw a tall, rather prepossessing stranger, with dark eyes and hair, a smooth shaven face, and a valise in his hand.

"My good girl," said he, with a patronizing air, as he handed her his hat and cane, "be so good as to get me something to eat at once, for I have walked a long distance, and am both hungry and tired."

Allie dropped her book, and rose up coloring and embarrassed.

"Sir?" she said, uncertain what to do with the hat and cane.

He looked at her in some surprise.

"Don't you understand the English language?" he said. "I remarked that I was tired and half famished. Be kind enough to get me some supper at once."

"He isn't a beggar," thought Allie, "because he is dressed too decently; and beggars don't command—they beg. Perhaps he is a crazy man; but crazy men are never so self-possessed. At all events I am in his power, and the best thing for me to do is to obey him."

So she made trembling haste to cover a little round table with a clean cloth, and set it forth with half a cold roast fowl, the remains of a beefsteak pie, an apple tart, and a plate of biscuits, as light and white as solidified snowflakes.

And when tea was ready she timidly summoned the stranger to the repast

"Tea is ready, sir," said she.

He viewed the meal approvingly.

"Ah, indeed" said he, running his fingers through his hair, "very nice, very appetizing, indeed. Did you make those biscuits?"

And Allie falteringly answered:

"Yes sir."

"You're a good cook," said he with a smile; "I think you will suit me."

"Oh, he's crazy!" thought our poor little heroine. "He is certainly an escaped lunatic!" and she edged towards the door, still keeping her fascinated gaze upon him.

"Let me see," said the eccentric stranger, carving the fowl, "your name is—"

"Allie, sir."

"Well, Allie, how much do you get?"

"How much do I get, sir?"

Poor Allie looked at her uninvited guest with tremulous amazement.

"Wages I mean. How much do you get a month?"

"I am not a servant, sir?" cried indignant Allie.

The stranger smiled in a superior sort of way.

"I forgot," said he with a smile, "there are no servants in this part of the country; they are lady helps. Well, Allie"—buttering a biscuit—"we'll call it an allowance. How much is your allowance per calendar month?"

"I don't understand you, sir," said Allie.

"My good girl," said the serene stranger, "I'm afraid you are stupid."

Allie glanced at the door, with half an idea of making her escape without any further parley.

"How old are you?" pursued the relentless interlocutor.

"I am eighteen, sir."

"Can you wash?"

"No, sir."

"Not wash?" with an amazed uplifting of the eyebrows. "Upon my word, I'm afraid this will hardly do. Nor iron?"

"I can do up laces, sir, and pocket-handkerchiefs."

"Bad—very bad indeed," sighed the stranger.

"But, Allie, you seem a strong, healthy girl, and I daresay you can soon learn; you will not find me at all disposed to be unreasonable, if you do your best. And now you may go up stairs and light a fire in my room."

Allie flew out, delighted to be thus summarily dismissed, and crouched in the darkness at the foot of the winding stairs, with burning cheeks, and heart that beat with hurried, uneven jerks.

But at that very moment she heard a creaking of wheels outside, the voice of her uncle shouting to the horse, in the road without.

If it had been the music of the spheres it could not have been more welcome to her ears. She ran out into the storm

"Oh, uncle, I'm so glad you have come back!" she cried, clutching hysterically at the sleeve of his overcoat. "There's a madman in the house, and oh, I'm so frightened!"

"A madman, eh? I'll soon see what he wants."

And he walked into the room, where the stranger was still sipping his tea and buttering his biscuit.

"Why, it's the Rev. Mr. Thorpe," said he. "Glad to see you, sir—glad to see you."

"I'm sure," said the Rev. Mr. Thorpe—for such he was, in good truth—"it is very kind of you to call upon me in my humble domicile at so early an opportunity."

"Exactly, exactly," said the old gentleman, rubbing his hands; "but it happens to be my domicile."

"Eh!" ejaculated the Rev. Mr. Thorpe, blankly staring around.

"Yes," said Mr. Burt. "Yours is the Gothic cottage, a little distance further up the road."

"And the young woman that I saw here?" gasped Mr. Thorpe.

"Is my niece," said Mr Burt.

The parson grew pale.

"Good Heavens!" he cried. "And I took her for my servant, and I have been ordering her about. What must she think of me?"

But Allie herself came to the rescue here, with smiles and blushes, and outstretched hand.

"I think," said she, "that it was all a mistake, Mr. Thorpe, and that I was as completely under a misapprehension as yourself."

The parson would fain have taken a hurried and embarrassed leave, but Mr. Burt would not permit it.

"Your house is desolate and fireless," said he. "Stay with us to-night."

And when Allie joined her hospitable entreaties to those of her uncle the guest was forced to yield, and the evening was concluded much more pleasantly than it had begun.

That was the Rev. Lucien Thorpe's first introduction to his new parish.

He has become well known and beloved since, and Miss Marion has been heard to hazard a guess that pretty Allie Burt is destined to become the wife of a "nice" minister yet.

Perhaps she is not far wrong. Time will show.

A great sensation has been caused in Sheffield, England, by the announcement that a firm of cutlers in the town, the chief portion of whose trade is in America, are about to abandon their work in Sheffield and commence operations in the United States. The statement is that they are pursuing this step simply to escape the prohibitory dues levied upon English goods. About a hundred Sheffield workmen are, it is added, removing with them, and a much larger number of Germans have also been engaged. No names, however, are given as yet.

A Zululand letter says that the Prince Imperial died fighting, and must have sold his life dearly. In the right hand of the corpse was found a tuft of hair of native fibre, while the path marked by the Zulus quitting the fatal spot was stained for a hundred yards with spots of blood, supposed to have dropped from the wounded men being borne away by their comrades.

ON THE SHORE.

At last the weary journey o'er,
I hear the breakers plash and roar
From that unknown, unfathomed sea
Upon whose waves I soon must be.

Hast thou, O sea, no other strand
Save that on which I doubting stand?
Hast thou, O sea, no other shore
Save that on which thy billows roar?

In vain! in vain! No answer make
The surges that arise and break.
A mist of doubt falls o'er the sea—
I come, resistless waves, to thee.

HARVEY'S TRAP.

BY H. L. S.

FAR up the Kentucky river, where the giant cliffs shoot perpendicularly upward from the water's edge for more than a thousand feet, where the stream, pent up between the granite walls, dashes downward with a speed equal to that of a mill-sluice, there is a peculiarly-shaped rock known as Harvey's Trap.

This rock is triangular, or nearly so, in shape, perfectly flat, some three or four feet in diameter, and lies directly in a narrow pathway that skirts the verge of the precipice, and gradually descends to the entrance of a large cavern that penetrates the face of a cliff a few feet from the surface. The venturesome pedestrian, after stepping over this rock, turns sharply to the left, almost at a right angle, and passing round the elbow, finds that he is treading upon a narrow ledge, scarcely twenty-four inches in width, the face of the cliff upon one hand, while upon the other yawns a frightful chasm, at the bottom of which—far, far below—he sees the flash of sunlight on the water as it hurries by.

Projecting above the verge of the precipice, directly in front of the rock we have described, there was, at the time of which we speak—and, indeed, until recently—a tall, slender hickory sapling, that had taken root in the crevices of the rock, and which grew and thrived well, notwithstanding the precarious hold.

This much, by way of description, is necessary to the reader's full comprehension of what I am about to relate.

It was the evening, or rather afternoon, of the fourth day subsequent to the disastrous battle of the Blue Licks, about an hour before sunset, when the form of a man, clad in the garb of a hunter, cautiously emerged from a thicket a few paces in the rear of the cliff. Pausing an instant, as though to make sure he was unobserved, he uttered a low whistle, which quickly brought another individual to his side from out of the bush.

"Come to the cave," said the first—"this rock leaves no trail."

And so speaking, the two hunters bounded lightly across the open space, and disappeared through the narrow pathway that led to the cave below. The movements of the men were hasty, as though no time were to be lost in getting to cover; and not without ample reason. Scarcely had their heads sunk below the level of the rocks, when the undergrowth was again parted, and another form stole out as the others had done; but this time it was an Indian warrior, equipped and painted for the war path.

A moment later he was joined by two others, and then the whole party, after a few words, spoken in deep, guttural tones, began a rapid search for the lost trail.

But, as the hunter had said, the hard surface of the cliffs gave no sign; and, closely scanning every inch as they went, the warriors moved gradually down the stream, and were soon lost to view.

Fully half an hour passed before the silence was again broken. At the expiration of that time a head was cautiously protruded around the cliff where the path turned, and, a moment later the hunter we have first seen stepped into full view, closely followed by his companion.

"I say, Buck," said the latter, in a low voice, "we've got to hurry up, or the reds 'll be down on us."

"Sartinly—sartinly!" was the reply. "Yer know that when Buck Harvey starts to do an injun a turn he don't lag by the way. Come, reach out, an' see if yer can draw the saplin' in."

It was evident that the fugitives had been concocting some plan while in the cavern, and that they were now putting it in operation. While the hunter was endeavoring to reach the branches of the hickory sapling, evidently with the intention of bending the elastic trunk in towards where they stood, Buck Harvey was busy with a coil of small, though stout rope which he held in his hand. This he finally succeeded in getting free of kinks and tangles, and, after forming a loop at one end, carefully laid it aside, and proceeded to assist his comrade in securing the tree.

Harvey now took from the pocket of his hunting shirt a number of forked sticks, as large, perhaps, as a man's thumb, which he quickly drove into the crevices around the outer edge of the triangular rock we have heretofore mentioned. Around these he then drew the noose he had formed in the rope, made the outer end fast to the bent sapling, which was gradually eased up until all the strain was upon the cord, and the trap, or snare, was completed.

"There!" said the hunter; "ef one on 'em does get his foot into that, he'll see snakes, or my name ain't Buck Harvey!"

With a last look, to see that all was secure, and after dropping a small piece of patching in the pathway between the trap and the edge of the cliff, both men again disappeared down the narrow ledge to the cave.

Several hours passed, and the full moon was just rising above the tree tops on the hill beyond the river, when a slight sound from above caught the quick ear of Harvey.

"Hark, Ned!" he whispered to his comrade, who was dosing in one corner. "The imps are abroad, an' we'll hear from 'em soon."

Both men grasped their rifles and stole to the mouth of the cavern. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed, when suddenly a guttural exclamation, as of surprise, was heard.

"The rag, Ned—they've found the—"

But the sentence was cut short by a stifled cry, quickly followed by a loud, shrill yell of dismay, and then as the tree bent back into its original position, they saw a dark form, with wildly flying arms, shoot outward, as though it had been hurled from some mighty engine of destruction.

A quick, sharp snap followed, as the rope, stretched to its utmost tension by the rebound, broke under the strain, and the hapless warrior, with a last yell of unspeakable horror, clove his way through the empty void down to the jagged rocks amidst the torrent below. Without pausing to look further, the remaining warriors fled in terror to the forest, and were seen no more.

Buck Harvey has long since gone the way of all flesh, but the little triangular rock bears his name to this day.

New Publications.

Miss Margery's Roses, by Robert C. Myers, is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city. The story is the rose, the rose the story; and it is interwoven with the perfume of the flowers which give its title. The characters speak and move in rational ways, and while being original, the incidents are not strained nor impossible, while wholesome sentiment and pathos tend to make it an artistic production, whose merit depends upon its truthful manner and perfect naturalness. As a whole, it is simple, pathetic and wholesome. Miss Margery's Roses is published in a large square duodecimo volume, paper cover. Price 50 cents.

Under the Willows; or, The Three Countesses, by Mrs. Elizabeth Van Loon, author of A Heart Twice Won, and The Shadow of Hampton Mead, is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city. Most of the characters are American, but the action shifts from the New World to the Old—from this country to Europe, France and Italy, and is a strange mixture of reality and romance. Characters the most contrasted are brought together in the strangest and the most unexpected combinations. Incidents the most startling are adroitly narrated with so much vraisemblance that the reader will be puzzled how to take them; yet the improbable eventually turns out to be the truth, and what might be anticipated from their results does not occur. Under the Willows is a romance of unbroken interest, in which the wild and wonderful are more largely developed than in most compositions of its class.

The current number of The Sanitarium, devoted to the preservation of health, mental and physical culture, has several articles of timely interest, the subjects of which are: The Writer's Cramp, Epidemics from a Chemical Standpoint, Dwelling Houses for Working People, and Our Public Schools.

The Nursery is as attractive and charming as the little ones could desire, and cannot fail to delight their eyes and hearts with its lovely pictures and stories. Published by John L. Shorey, of Boston.

The August number of Appleton's Journal is full of fresh and interesting articles, prominent among which is an article by the Earl of Dunraven on Moose Hunting in Canada. Matthew Arnold's Wordsworth, will be found very suggestive and interesting. From Mrs. Grundy's Pictures of the Past, are selected Reminiscences of Patrick Brantwell Bronte, and Leigh Hunt and His Family; there is a paper on The Comedie Francaise, just now so generally discussed; also an article on The Mirabeaus; then follow some capital Wandering Thoughts about Germany; A Cornish Saunter, full of entertaining description of a strange country; a New England story, by S. G. W. Benjamin, entitled Out of the Depths; suggestive extracts from the writings of the German philosopher Schopenhauer, under the title of Schopenhauer on Men, Books, and Music; and translations by Swinburne and others of a number of poems by Gautier. The editor discusses Patriots Abroad, rebuking certain Americans who misrepresent their country in Europe; denies the Wisdom of Leaders; differs from Mr. Hamerton as to the common perception of the Poetry of Distance; and glorifies Fenimore Cooper in some remarks upon The Objective Novel. There is a long review of Trollope's Thackeray, and notices of other Books of the Day."

The Popular Science Monthly for August comes with its usual freight of readable and instructive articles on a variety of pertinent topics. The first paper, by Dr. Black, is one of remarkable interest, on The Removal of Inherited Tendencies to Disease. The Story of November Meteors gives occasion to Prof. G. J. Stoney, F. R. S., to print a charming chapter on one of the most curious phases of astronomy. The Re-education of the Adult Brain, by Dr. Sharpey, is an account of an extraordinary case of a woman who fell into a prolonged and profound sleep from which she could not be awakened, and at last emerged with her mind reduced to the condition of infancy, so that her education had all to be done over again. Professor Le Roy C. Cooley restates the ground, nature and effects of the modern molecular theory, in an article of unusual merit. Dr. Philip Woolf expatiates on the curious subject of Nectar Insects, in a way that will interest all readers. Dr. McCosh pitches into Huxley's Agnosticism, as developed in his late book on Hume, and aims to show that an eminent biologist may be a metaphysician. E. T. Elliott treats of The Age of the Cave Dwellers in America; and Dr. Richardson has an article of great merit on Chloral and other Narcotics. There is a paper of marked scientific interest by Henry Farquhar on The Brightness and Distribution of the Fixed Stars, in which he develops the important results reached by Mr. C. S. Pierce upon this subject. The second instalment of Sir Henry Thompson's Food and Feeding, is as instructive as the first; and Dry-Rot in Timber abounds in information both curious and useful. Francis Galton pursues his new and fruitful subject of Generic Images; and Professor Geikie has a valuable article on the new topic of Geographical Evolution. The number contains a portrait and brief sketch of the late Professor Daniel Vaughan. Bennett's Arctic Exploring Expedition, and The Prince Imperial are discussed by the editor; and there is an unusual variety of interesting articles in the Department of Popular Miscellany. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The swiftest railroad trains are run in England, according to a German government report, a speed of fifty miles an hour being common between London and Dover, London and York, and London and Hastings. Trains go at forty-two miles an hour on one of the Belgian lines. The fastest in France and Germany do not often exceed forty, and in other European countries thirty is the maximum.

What is Compound Oxygen.

It is a combination of Oxygen and Nitrogen, the two elements which make up common or atmospheric air, in such proportions as to render it richer in the vital or life-giving element. This exact combination, so long sought for by chemists and pathologists, has never before been attained; and its discovery, after long and patient investigation and experiment, marks the beginning of a new era in the healing art. It is now giving back a partial or full measure of health to thousands of suffering men and women who have vainly sought for relief in all the means of cure heretofore within their reach. It acts on scientific principles, and in complete harmony with natural laws and forces. It assists nature to remove obstructions, and restores to her the normal control of all her vital activities. It is not a medicament, but a helper. Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," its nature, action, and the results which have followed its administration, sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Phila., Pa.

News Notes.

The Japanese think Heaven is inclosed with a blue board fence.

John B. Gough is now in his 63d year, and has not been in bed a whole day from sickness for thirty-three years.

The late Governor Allen, of Ohio, had a voice so powerful in his younger days, that he was known as "Earthquake Allen."

Mr. Forrest, the English Consul at Tientsin, estimates that nine and a half million of people lost their lives by the famine in China.

The deepest running stream that is known is the Niagara River, which, just under the lower Suspension Bridge is 700 feet deep by actual measurement.

A Texan, whose mother was a kinswoman of General Washington, owns a sun dial and walking stick which were once the property of the first President.

A party of Lancashire, Eng., farmers are about to sell out their property and emigrate to Manitoba. They cannot withstand American competition.

The Grand Hotel in Paris is to be sold at auction next month. The starting point will be $3 800 000 for the building, and $1,349,000 for the good will and furniture.

The volume of railway travel to and from London, and within the vast territory which it covers, makes necessary two hundred and seventy-three passenger stations.

Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, N. Y., brother of Henry Ward Beecher, is an advocate of cremation, and wants to become one of a stock company to set up the business.

Senator Plumb, of Kansas, and ex Senator Dorsey, of Arkansas, have cast their lot with Leadville, the new El Dorado. The latter is said to have made $200,000 by a recent rise in mines.

The Leadville *Chronicle* says that during the past sixty days there has been twenty per cent increase in the population of Leadville, and that the city is settling down to a better and surer business.

Dr. Le Moyne, the cremationist, is said to have altered his will so as to deprive his son of $40 000 that had been intended for him. The son had given offence by refusing to burn the remains of his child.

Edward Varden Stuart, who was found dead in a five-cent lodging-house in New York on Monday, was at one time one of the most highly respectable residents of Baltimore. He was ruined by intemperance.

There are said to be about 80 000 telephones now in service in this country, and only 500 in England. This is a good example of the comparatively slow progress of new inventions in the mother country.

The London *World* tells of a London lady who does not admire Sarah Bernhardt. She says she doesn't care for a woman "whose eyes are only an inch from the top of her head, and who has an ironed-out upper lip."

Fort Wayne, Ind., has a professional frog catcher, who works the canal from that city to Defiance, Ohio. He sometimes catches as high as 5 000 frogs in a single trip, which retail from twenty five to seventy cents a dozen.

A hail stone about the size of a pigeon's egg was picked up in Boston by a gentleman and allowed to melt on the palm of his hand. In the centre of this bit of ice was found a small piece of white stone. Where did it come from?

The Earl of Dunraven expresses the opinion that the vast region now called British North America will assuredly some day support the strongest, most powerful and most masterful population on the Continent of America.

A young man has died in Binghampton from the effects of swallowing a silver half dollar about three weeks ago. He was tossing the coin in the air and catching it in his mouth to amuse a child, when it lodged in his throat and passed into his stomach.

In Ayrshire, Scotland, the cheese that is sent from America is sold at lower prices than the home-made Ayrshire cheese. A good many farmers have stopped the making of cheese there, and the result is that butter and milk, forced upon the market, bring low rates.

The trouble at West Point is over. The order summarily dismissing six cadets for hazing, had the effect of restoring good order, so that extreme measures will not be necessary toward six other cadets who were accused of participating in the late hazing frolic.

The cactus grows to a wonderful size in Arizona. One variety grows to the height of sixty feet, and measures six feet in diameter. There are fifteen or twenty varieties, three of which bear fruits that is highly prized by the Indians, who depend largely upon them for sustenance.

M. A. Couvreux, one of the principal engineers in the construction of the Suez Canal, is to have direction of the work of excavating the Isthmus route. He estimates the cost at $250 000 000, and the time eight years, and, like M. Lesseps, believes in an open cut, without locks or tunnels.

A monograph on the "true burial place" of Christopher Columbus has just been published by Trubner at London. Sir Travers Twiss, the author, discusses the question of the true burial at length, and concludes that the claim recently put forward by the Bishop of San Domingo is without foundation.

Far, far better for you than Beer, Ale or Porter, and free from the intoxicating effects, is Hop Bitters.

More than twenty thousand objects were found during the Exhibition at the Champs de Mars, and in the Trocadero Palace. Very few of them have been claimed. Notice is given that they will be kept at the Lost Property Office at the Prefecture of Police for another year, and then sold at auction.

The Japanese keep meat fresh in hot weather by placing the raw flesh in porcelain vessels and pouring on it boiling water, whereby the albumen of the surface is quickly coagulated, and forms a protection against the further action of the water. Oil is then poured on the surface of the water so as to prevent the access of air and consequent putrefaction of the meat.

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Malaria, that fell atmospheric poison, is disarmed of its terrors, and health insured to thousands residing where the noxious exhalation periodically infects the air, and engenders intermittent and remittent fevers, by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most popular as it is the best, of preventives, alteratives and tonics. In numberless localities where the demand for sulphate of quinine was formerly immense, the hurtful alkaloid has been almost entirely supplanted by this safe, agreeable and effective substitute, which is genial in action and unobjectionable in flavor. It nullifies the influence of miasma by giving a more active impulse to every vital function, quickening and enriching the blood, overcoming a tendency to biliousness, and promoting digestion.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

OUTSIDE garments become smaller as the weather grows finer. Some small scarves are made, perfectly straight, so narrow that they do not even reach the waist. It is no longer the rectangular scarf that we wore formerly. It has an opening at the throat, and pleats on the shoulders, so that it fits closely across the chest. Charming costumes are composed with the assistance of these small scarves.

We have noticed a very pretty dress of woolen material and silk, trimmed with gold and grenat. The whole costume was trimmed with grenat cashmere, with silk fringe in grenat and old gold. A small scarf like those described above, in grenat cashmere, trimmed with fringe, formed a striking contrast to the neutral tints of the rest of the costume.

A charming toilette worn by a blonde young girl, was of Egyptian blue Indian muslin. The skirt had twelve small pleated flounces, veritable Tom Thumbs of flounces, about two and a half inches deep. The tunic formed a tablier draped *en biais* in front and at the back a square end is lightly raised *en poof*. All round the tunic is a large hem stitched with silk. Over this was worn a long jacket of a kind of silky cashmere with wide stripes, one of the stripes having a blue ground, the other silver grey, and both being embroidered with small cashmere designs. The jacket, of tailor cut, opened at the end of the back seam. The fronts, with basques turned back a little at the edge, crossed over with a double row of buttons to below the waist, where they opened over the tunic. That part of the basque included between the first pleat and the edge of the front, was arranged *en biais*. This small triangle with oblique stripes had a quaint effect. The buttons were old silver. The coat sleeve has a Marquis cuff. With this pretty dress was worn a small Directoire chapeau in white Belgian straw, very wide in front, and lined with Egyptian blue satin. Ribbon of the same shade formed the strings, reversible, satin and moire, passing over the curtain, a bunch of those very pale roses was placed on the crown rather to the left.

In France, when a young lady marries, she brings almost a fortune in linen with her to her husband's house. Six dozens of everything is the least that the most humble little bourgeoise puts in her trousseau. A dozen dozens is the general number for families in easy circumstances. Very wealthy families now give eighteen dozens of everything.

For instance, there are six dozen plain linen chemises, merely embroidered round the shoulders, and the initials embroidered in front.

Then, six dozens of finer linen, embroidered en chemisette, and Valenciennes lace edging the embroidery.

Then, six dozens of very rich chemises in fine cambric, and all richly trimmed with lace and embroidery. A bib of Valenciennes is now very fashionable on the rich chemises. The sleeves are made entirely of lace. Each set of chemises is accompanied by a set of drawers to match, petticoat bodices to match, and skirts to match.

Amongst all the night dresses which I have seen this season I may mention one which has a jabot of Valenciennes up the front, with bows of ribbon between the folds of the lace. Each plait of the front plastron forms a button-hole, through which a ribbon is passed to fasten on a button, hidden among the lace jabot. This is very pretty and new.

Colored ribbon is worn to trim underclothing—chemises, night-dresses, drawers, and petticoat bodices.

Foulard underskirts still continue to be worn in preference to flannel. These also are trimmed with lace frills and insertion. The skirt is of the color of the ribbons on the linen.

White skirts, whether long or short, are trimmed with lace and embroidery. The edge of the skirt is embroidered, and at the edge of this is a deep flounce, also embroidered, and with lace trimming quite at the edge. Others are trimmed with insertions of lace placed lengthways up each seam, and several flounces edged with lace at the bottom. And others are half covered with lace or transparent embroidered insertions, and lace flounces at the bottom.

Fancy here plays a great part, and there is no rule, excepting one—make your skirts as pretty as you can, according to your means, remembering that frills are always preferable to imitation lace, and no insertion preferable to common insertion. Pagoda sleeves are in fashion for matinees. This requires a word of notice, for it is a very long time since pagoda sleeves have not been in favor; their re-introduction is welcome. They have a bow of ribbon at the bend of the arm. Now that they have begun on matinees, pagoda goods may be expected on other dresses. For the moment, however, they are only worn with matinees. The matinees themselves have large collars, and are richly trimmed with lace. But the prettiest shape for a matinee is the Turkish shape, forming a kind of loose skirt in front, where it is crossed over and tied at the back of the waist. And a scarf trimmed with lace is tied round the figure, and also falls at the back. Pagoda sleeves—this is not unlike the old "Garibaldi" shirt. Only the ends are long and pointed, and are crossed like a shawl in front, to be tied at the back, as already said. For dressing-gown *de luxe*, I can mention a white foulard, lined with pink sarcenet, and a jabot of lace, taking the whole length of the dress from neck to foot; and on each side a ruching of pink silk, which continues all round the edge of the train; the watteau plait at the back is fastened by a pink bow. Pagoda sleeves, reaching to mid-arm, edged round with lace and pink ruching. Pink bow at bend of the arm.

Bed linen, sheets and pillow cases are embroidered all round, edged with lace, and in the centre is a gigantic initial.

I must not forget to mention that crinoline skirts are coming into fashion again. At present they are only at the back, and are very narrow and very short. They look more like cushions than anything else. But this is enough to keep the puffs on the dresses in their shape and place. Ladies must, however, be very careful not to exaggerate this new article of their toilette. A sensation alone of this tournure suffices. It must be invisible. Silk dresses do not require a tournure underneath. But cashmere, mousseline de laine, barege, and muslin dresses need them.

Chic table linen is of grey linen, edged round with lace insertions and frills of guipure lace. Some tablecloths are embroidered; they have all an embroidered monogram in the centre. This may be white or colored, and mixed with lace. Modern luxury, in this respect, is growing beyond description. Everything is allowed, nothing is too rich. We are far from the white damask of our forefathers, and where this luxury will stop no one as yet can tell.

There are bonnets for every face, every style of head-dress. There are bonnets for the fair, and bonnets for the dark. There are bonnets for all; and what I say of bonnets I say of hats, which are even more varied than bonnets. Everyone may choose the hat best suited to her style of hair and general appearance. Dark, plain bands require a different style of hat to fair, frizzed hair.

Black "Directoires" have the brim sometimes lined with gold gauze, and have a gold gauze bow at the top of the crown, and gold gauze strings. Others have a wreath of roses inside the brim, and another all round the crown; the strings then proceed from under the wreath of roses at the back. This is worn straight on the head, so as to show all of the front hair. Other "Directoires" have coal-scuttle brims, and are lined with satin. They have no other trimming within, but outside the crown is surrounded with a large satin ribbon, and wide satin strings are placed on each side, almost at the edge of the brim. The crown is further covered with feathers of the same color as the hat. A third style has a large full crown, and a very deep jockey brim in front, and a little straight curtain at the back. This hat is generally made of silk or satin, or the crown of silk or satin, with the brim and curtain of straw, lined with silk or satin. A band of silk is placed round the crown with a handsome clasp in the centre, and strings. What makes this shape very pretty is a square of lace, folded crosswise, and tied over the brim, with the corners falling over the eyes.

A pretty bonnet of quite a different style is a *fanchon* of either black or white lace. The shape is a diadem, not too high in size. This diadem is embroidered in jet, pearls, or colored beads and chenille, and around the lower edge is a fringe of the same. Then around the outer edge is placed the ficlus of black or white lace, or crepe-de-chine. This falls in a double point at the back, and surrounds the face in front like a close cap. The two ends in front are fastened down together by a bow of lace or crepe-de-chine, which forms cravat as well as crepe-de-chine. The bonnet is very quaint and quakerish-looking, and very becoming, and has the advantage that it can be worn by ladies of any age—by the young as well as by the old. It is pretty on all, and is a perfect lady's bonnet.

A young girl's hat of white straw, lined with a wreath of white feathers, which entirely encircles the interior of the brim. A bow on exterior of the brim, from which issues a long white feather, which crosses the crown and droops over the opposite side on the neck.

A "Restoration" bonnet, with a wide but flat brim of white chip, lined with white satin. White satin full crown. A double bow of white satin and gauze striped ribbon, with bouquet of white lilacs in the centre. A white satin ribbon crosses the brim, and forms strings under the chin.

Another young girl's hat of white chip. A bow of black velvet in front, from which issues a long white feather drooping over the back.

An old ladies' bonnet of black lace. It looks more like a cap than a bonnet, but is very pretty and very becoming. The brim is lined with black satin, and is covered with five rows of plaited black lace. A full crown of black satin, in front of crown a bow of black lace, and a half garland of red roses over the bow. Black lace strings. This bonnet is so pretty that when they see it young ladies will want it: they are never content.

Now that the gay chaly and chintz patterns are popular for dresses, it is impossible to carry out the matching fashion with regard to gloves, consequently gloves of contrasting colors are selected to wear with them; but when the dress is of quiet color, then the gloves match exactly. Lavender and lilac gloves are again worn with black dresses, as ecru, French grey, and wood shades. The most stylish gloves are very long, exceedingly plain, and simply stitched, without ornament, their beauty depending on their fit. Undressed kid are still most fashionably worn, those with four or five buttons being the favorites; the wood, grey and pretty shades can be worn with almost every dress. Kid gloves may be had in seven different lengths; the longest have twelve buttons, reach almost to the elbow, and are only worn on full-dress occasions. The most simple gloves are always the best style; there are embroidered gloves, and gloves stitched with a contrasting color, but they are not good style.

Fireside Chat.

BAKED Calf's Head.—I have to go very close to the wind. I read your receipts, but many of them are above my figures. If I spent over 25 cents a day for meat, I could not afford it. My wife makes baked calf's head this way, and we and the children like it: A calf's head, a good one, will cost 40 cents, and will last us most two days. Boil the head until you can pick out all the bones, and mind you keep the water the head is boiled in; take your pieces and lay them in a dish, having cut them small; use some salt, pepper, a little parsley, a grate of nutmeg, a small piece of butter, and some dry bread crumbs, say a teacupful of the latter; moisten it all with some of the water the head has been boiled in; put in a baking-dish, and let it bake half an hour; when we can afford it we take the yolks of two eggs and make a sauce with the boiling liquor; we make soup of the rest of the liquor.

Rhode Island Succotash.—Good succotash wants tender young corn. Have a dozen ears, and remove with a sharp knife the kernels. If your corn is tough, do not cut too close to the cob. String a quart of young beans, and cut them in three. Boil the beans with the corn in half a pint of water. Boil for quite three-quarters of an hour. When cooked, cover closely, add a piece of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, and some pepper. If cream is obtainable, add half a pint at the conclusion.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Cut in halves and hollow out the centre; take whatever cold meat you have, chop with onion, some herbs, crumbs of bread, and add to it two yolks of eggs; fill up your tomatoes, and put in a buttered pan; let them bake slowly.

Green Corn Pudding.—Take a dozen ears and grate them; add a teacupful of milk, a spoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, and some grated nutmeg; mix well together; put in a pan, place in a hot oven, and bake for an hour.

Graham Biscuit.—I set my sponge with wheat flour over night; in the morning I put the batter in a large pan, and add so much warm water as I need, two large tablespoons of shortening (for a large dripping pan), spoonful of soda, teacup of sugar, salt, stir all together, then add all Graham, or part flour is good for a change. It is not to be stirred too stiff. When it will drop off the stick easily it is right. Leave it in the pan to raise, then mold in biscuit.

Stuffed Cucumbers.—I always like to put the dots on my things, and I know it was an Italian refugee, some time in 1849 or 1850, that came off to the ship at Venice, and was hid there for a week, has showed it to me. He was a Count and a cook. Poor wretch, he used to cry over his country, and ease his mind by stirring things. You take good cucumbers—say half a dozen, peel them, not too thick, and split them; then, with a spoon, scrape out their inwards; get an onion, some parsley, a piece of bay leaf, (if you durst, a piece of garlic not bigger than a pea,) two ounces of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, some pepper; grate a little nutmeg in that, and let it cook gently; now take some stale bread, say a hunk as big as your two fists, and soak it in water; then wring it dry, and add that to the stewpan; now, last, put in the inwards of the cucumber; let it all stew close until it is brown; when done, pick out the bit of garlic, or you will hear from it. Take your halved cucumbers, tie them together, and boil them in salt and water for about five minutes; let them cool; take your mixture and fill up the cucumbers, putting your cucumbers together with a string; have some pork cut thin; lay your cucumbers in a baking-pan, cover with bacon, and let it go. The cucumbers must be well done.

Gooseberry Jam.—Stalk and crop six pounds of gooseberries, put them in a preserving can, and, as they warm, stir and bruise them to bring out the juice; let them boil ten minutes, then add four pounds of sugar and place it on the fire again; let it continue boiling for two hours longer, stirring it all the time to prevent its burning; when it thickens and will jelly on a plate it is done; put it into pots, and allow it to remain a day before it is covered.

Superfluous Hair.—For the removal of superfluous hair on the face, take a candle, with snuff very short, in order that it will not burn the face, and singe the hair. I cannot vouch for this remedy, but give it as given to me. I would advise trying it first on the arm, for fear it would have the same effect as shaving, but I was assured it would not.

It may be pleasant to those who live in a region of our country where nothing but hard water is to be had, to be informed by so good authority as Dr. Tidy, the well-known chemist, of the results of his observations on the use of hard water for culinary and domestic purposes:

1. Hard water is the best dietetically, because of the lime.

2. It makes better tea, although not so dark colored, owing to the fact that soft water dissolves the bitter extractive matters which color the tea, but ruin the aroma.

3. It relieves thirst, which soft water does not.

4. It does not dissolve lead or organic matter, which soft water does.

5. It is generally good colored, soft water being as a rule dark colored and unpleasant looking. For manufacturing towns soft water would be the most advisable, for commercial considerations only.

Sprinkle Persian insect powder in the feathers of your chickens to rid them of lice.

Where borax and insect powder have failed to exterminate cockroaches, sprinkle the floor with powdered white hellebore; they will eat it, and are thereby poisoned by it.

When lettuce shows signs of running to seed, if a knife be passed through one half of the stem of the shooting head, the plant may be preserved good for an additional week.

You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully and faithfully. Never put water, or liquid of any kind, to a grease spot.

For chicken cholera there is nothing better than carbolic acid, one drachm with two gallons of water. Let the fowls have free access to it as a drink, and mix it with their food once a day.

Scatter under the fruit trees, say a quart of salt to a full-grown tree, twice every week or two, until the fruit is nearly grown, and it will prevent the ravages of worms.

An open spring of water on any premises which is allowed to spread, and some of the land to become somewhat swampy, will without any more preparation abundantly produce water cress, if once introduced.

Persons who have a taste for rhubarb or pie-plant are reminded that the stalks may be pared, cut in pieces an inch long, and dried the same as apples or peaches, or stewed and canned like small fruits, thus affording an excellent relish out of season.

To ventilate a stack, use a sack some four or five feet in length, which, when filled with hay or chaff, will be about eighteen inches in circumference. Place this upright on the stack bottom, and raise it as you build up around it with hay or grain.

Answers to Inquirers.

BIDDY, (Hasty, Mich.)—Winfield Scott was commissioned as brigadier-general in 1814.

J. P.—Give up all idea of so inconsistent a young lady, and do not in future recognise your false friend.

TOBY, (Clay, Nebraska.)—Grease may be removed from your violin bow by a flannel wetted with spirits of wine; and when the bow is dry, rosin it.

LILLIAN, (Litchfield, Conn.)—"Glances beget ogles ogles sighs, sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter." Accomplish this by your mother wit.

ANNA, (Phila., Pa.)—The Passover falls in with Easter almost as often as not. Within the ten years ending 1871 the coincidence occurred five times, namely, in 1860, 1861, 1863, 1867, and 1869.

SIGMA, (Baltimore, Md.)—There is no qualification necessary to become a fellow of such a society. You may belong to half-a dozen if you like that have a whole alphabet of letters for their names.

WILD ROSE, (Scio, O.)—You seem to be quite aware that clandestine correspondence is dangerous. We think so too; and although your lover is very persevering and evidently really attached to you, you should try first to gain the good will of your parents.

PRINCE LOUIS, (Crawford, Pa.)—The ex Empress Eugenie inherited numerous Spanish titles of nobility. Her mother Marie Manuela Kirkpatrick Closeburn, was descended from a Roman Catholic family of Scotland that sought refuge in Spain after the fall of the Stuarts. You are so far correct.

ALEX. W., (Washington, D. C.)—The great mass of authentic evidence proves the protective and preventive value of the measure of vaccination we think and our only anxiety is that the existing law should be rigidly enforced, and re-vaccination on reaching adolescence be made compulsory.

DISPUTE, (Wright, Mo.)—A democracy is strictly a government of the people by and in their primary assemblies. A republic employs the popular assembly, joined with other forms, such as the senate, whose duration is longer than that of the immediate popular representatives upon whom they act as a check.

UNHAPPY, (New York, N. Y.)—The chief reason for going would be to break off at once and forever the perilous connexion formed. That is a matter of very grave and urgent moment, and will not admit of hesitation and delay. Unless there is complete separation without any recognition or communication by letter there will be future unhappiness.

WATERFORD, (La Porte, Ind.)—If the covering of the chairs is dark (green or horsehair), the ground of the carpet should be crimson, covered with some small pattern in black; if light or scarlet, to match the curtains, green with small pattern in which red predominates. White muslin under curtains will add greatly to the appearance of such a room.

READER, (Logan, Ill.)—Pawnbrokers first established themselves in Italy, as regular traders, taking pledges and advancing money on the same, in the year 1458 and soon after many came and set up in England. Piano-fortes were invented in Dresden, in 1717. The square piano-forte was first made by an organ-builder of Saxony, named Frederici, sometime about the year 1758.

HARVEY, (New York, N. Y.)—It would be unwise now to attempt to renew the connexion. As to the finality there can be no serious question touching the correctness of the course pursued. To hold over a purpose until after the death of the father would have been indiscreet and unworthy. Make the best of the disappointment and leave the event for time to develop. "Understandings" which involve concealment of any kind are fraught with peril to happiness and honor.

C. A., (Brown, N. Y.)—Music and poetry are naturally in strict alliance with each other, for each gives forth deep and tender utterances of the soul, and lifts the human being above the every day creature of toil, diet and sleep. But as a modern author remarks, "it is worthy of notice that though music and poetry have always been united in the earliest ideas of nations, and the oldest poems—even those of "ossian" are said to have been sung by their authors, yet since the revival of literature in Europe there has appeared no individual who was great in both departments."

S. T., (Camden, N. J.)—Laminated steel gun-barrels are made in the following manner: The best quality of steel is cut into small pieces of nearly equal size; these are polished, fused into a mass, and after being subject d to the action of a powerful trip-hammer, are rolled out into rods of small diameter. These are cut into strips of a few inches long, the round portions bundled together, and again in the same manner welded and rolled out. This process is repeated until the proper texture is produced, when the mass may be drawn out, and formed into any desired shape or form of twist, the same as any other metal.

ALICE, (Phila., Pa.)—Can we recommend a cure for a bad temper? We heartily wish we could. Somebody has said, "It is the nature of the creature that makes the honeysuck e yield poison to the spider and honey to the bee." So with our tempers; the same object that will excite a benevolent and kindly feeling in one person produces in another malevolence and spite. We are afraid this is no free, humanity in all its phases is intensely fallible. The only possible suggestion is to make all positively bad-tempered people live together. Sheer exhaustion might effect what sense and persuasion could not.

LOBSTER, (Oswego, N. Y.) In order to preserve the hands soft and white, they should always be washed in warm water with fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately coarse towel, being well rubbed every time to ensure a brisk circulation than which nothing can be more effectual in promoting a transparent and soft surface. If engaged in any accidental pursuits which may hurt the color of the hands, or if they have been exposed to the sun, a little lemon juice will restore their whiteness for the time, and Windsor soap is proper to wash them with. Almond paste is of essential service in preserving the delicacy of the hands.

SCHWEITZER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The story of William Tell is probably a myth. There must, however, have been some basis in fact for a tradition so generally accepted at a date so near the time when Tell is alleged to have flourished. Religious services were instituted in Tell's memory at the place where he lived, and a chapel erected, within a sixty years from the date of his alleged success over Gessler, and the story was accepted as true by chroniclers in the fifteenth century. On the other hand, the disparities in the different versions of the story, the absence of Gessler's name from the chronicles of Swiss history and the absence of actually contemporaneous history as to Tell, make the literal truth of the traditions as a whole extremely doubtful.

NEPHEW, (Altoona, Pa.)—The teaching of the strata is irresistible, but the difficulty is created by the interpretation conventionally put on the language of Scripture. It is not asserted that death, as we find it among the lower animals, was the penalty of sin; on the contrary the degradation of man to the level of the earth, and the decree by which it was ordained that he should be involved in its destiny—dust returning to dust—constituted the chief feature of his doom. The "death" of the lower animals was probably a natural and possibly a painless issue. Even now it would seem that those creatures which prey on the forms of life below them are endowed with the power of rendering the act of killing painless. The prediction in Matthew that certain of the disciples should not taste of death till they had seen Christ coming in the glory of his kingdom is supposed to have been fulfilled when they witnessed the "Transfiguration" and the glorious manifestations narrated in the closing chapters of the Gospel.

VONSCOM, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—You are right for there is a meaning in it. Everything was expressed by symbol in the olden days. In this respect colors have played a great role in the Catholic Church. There are four primitive colors—white, red, green and violet or purple. Without doubt, the artists employed others but these alone have a precise and well-established signification. White is given to nine principal personages: God the Father, Christ the Savior, the Holy Ghost, the angels, the saints, the priests in their functions, the catechumens, the Sovereign Pontiff and Lazarus raised from the dead. White is the color most employed because it is the "color of truth." Red is given, theraroblastically and demonstrationally speaking, only to God the Father when he is represented performing an act of divine love. The color of certain Church ornaments on certain feast-days is red and this is the case when the Church does honor to an act of love of God the Father, or to an act of sacrifice of God the Son. Thus it happens that the vestments are red on the feast days of the martyrs, on Pentecost, and on the feast-day of the benediction of the Holy Sacrament and of the Circumcision.